Saturday Review

June 26, 1965 25¢

AMERICAN IDEALISM, 1965

BY HAROLD TAYLOR

"Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines," as imagined by Ronald Searle (see Movies)

RECORDINGS

THE FIRST SWEDISH DANCE FESTIVAL

By Selma Jeanne Cohen

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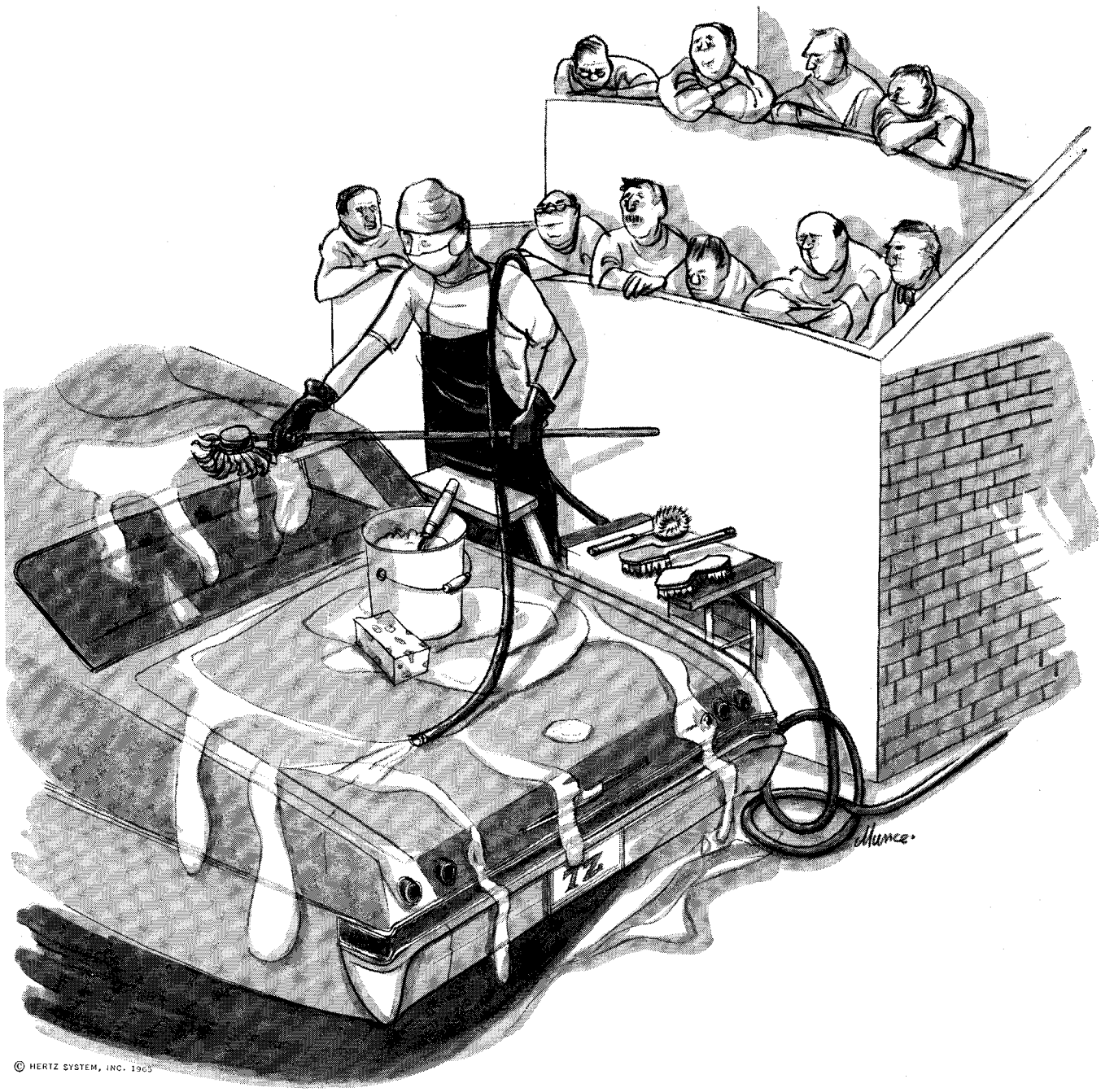

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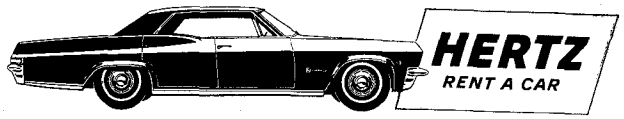

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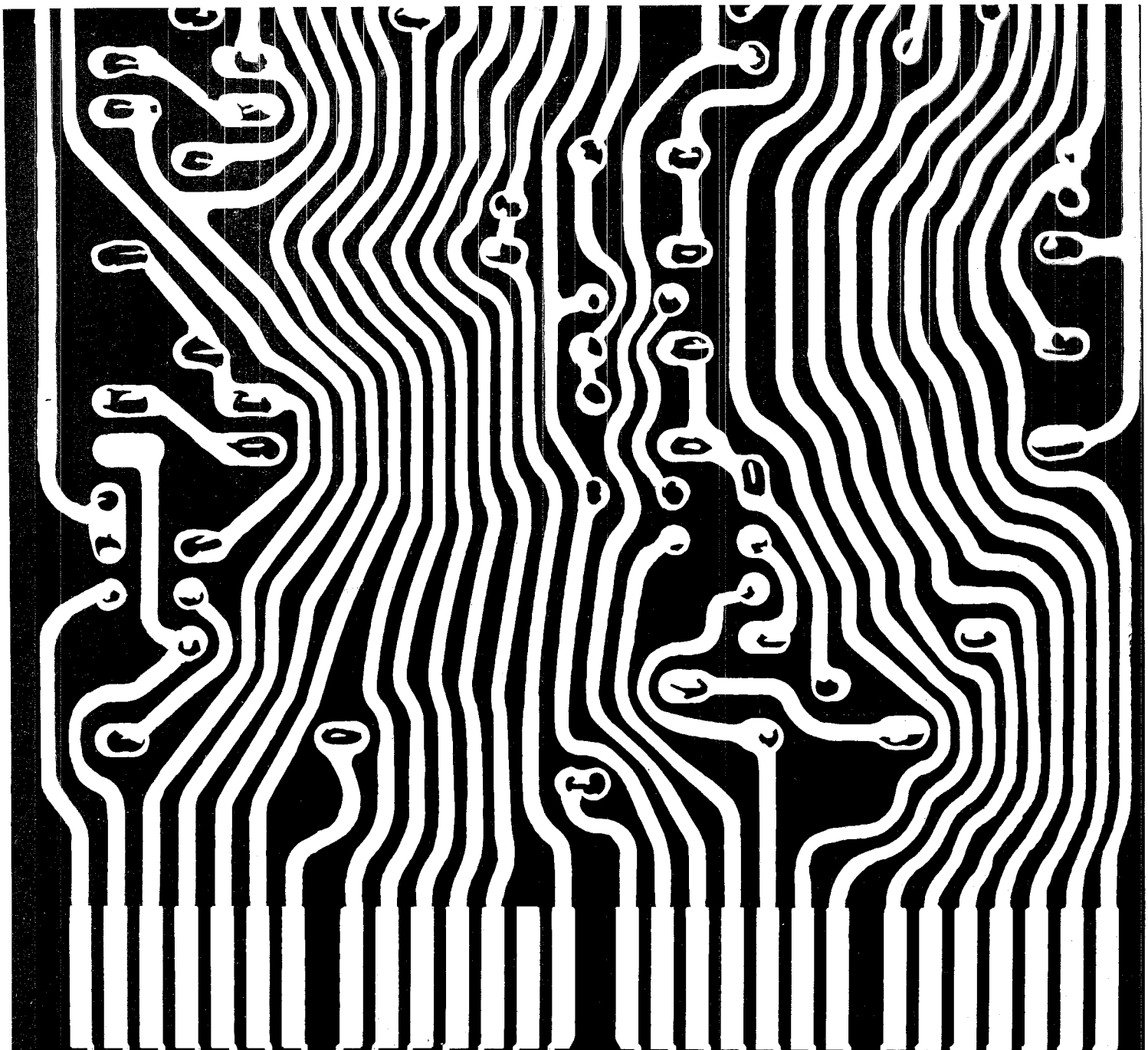

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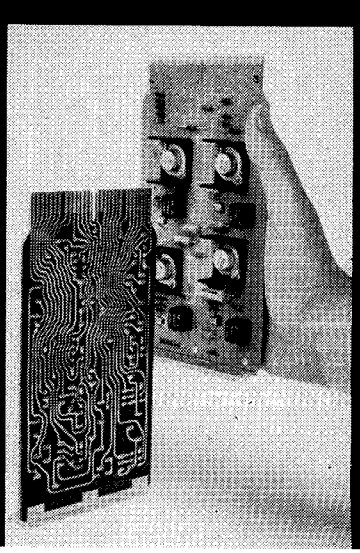

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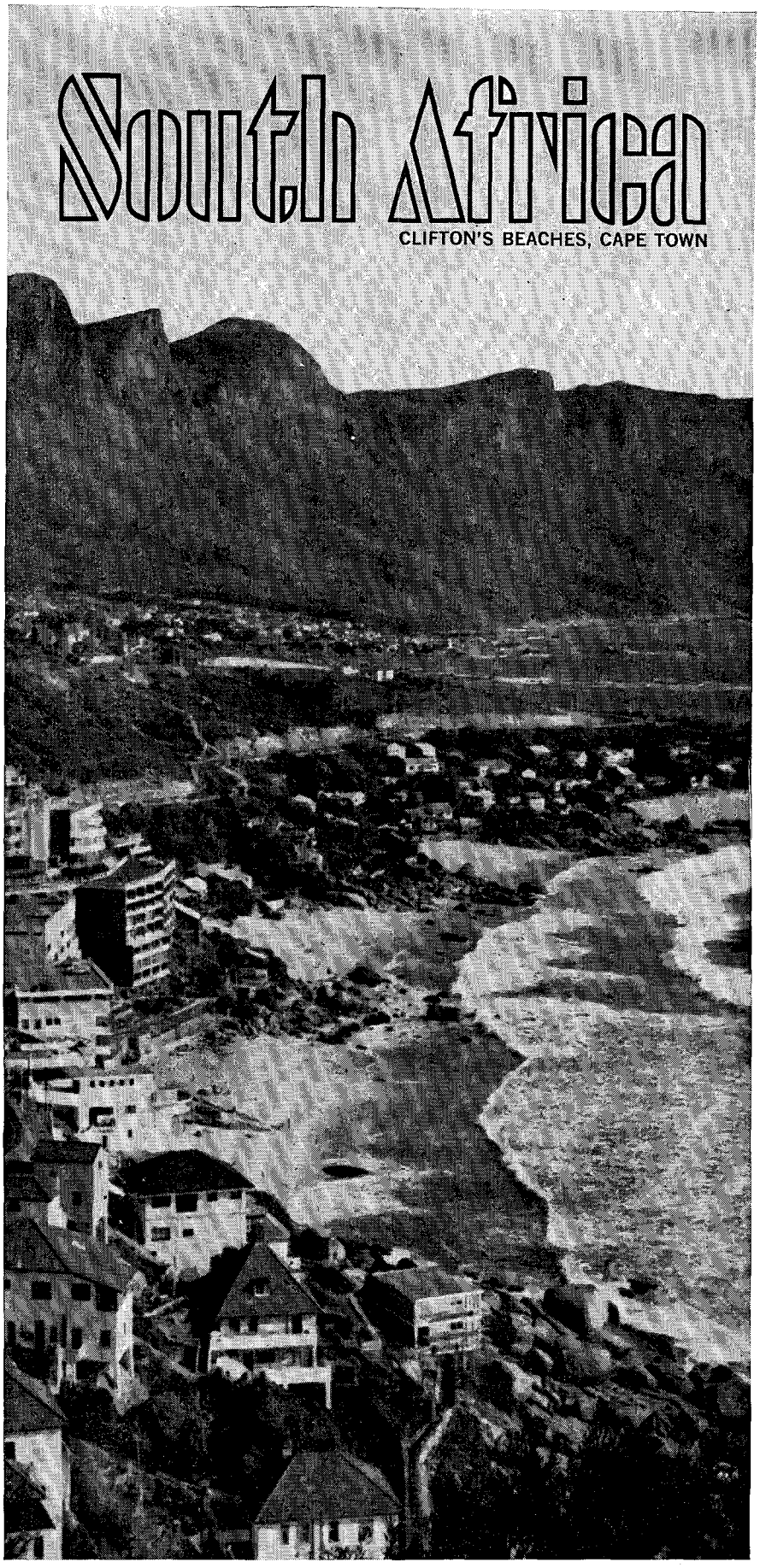

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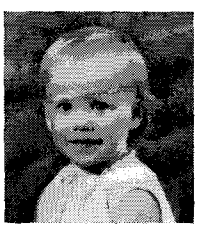
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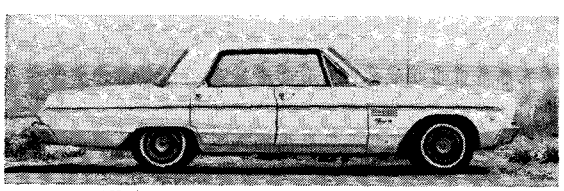
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So the only cash you'll really need is walking-around money. And that probably wouldn't be much more than you'd spend just hanging around home.

(Try adding up those mornings at the golf course, that weekend fishing trip, dinners out, the drive-in, etc.)

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Edited by Martin Levin

Lament for the Air

What does it take to put an end
To air pollution?
Money, you say? I'd gladly send
A contribution.
Pressure on congress to amend
The constitution?

The chimneys smoke, the
smokestacks belch,
My street smells like a sewer,
Yet no one does a thing to squelch
Or jail the evildoer.
Oh! I forgot! A week ago
The city, roused from slumber,
Said I could phone my tale of woe,
So I wrote down the number.

Last Monday morning, gasping,
faint
From fumes opaque and yellow
I called and poured out my
complaint
To some Ann Funicello.
"Your name?" she asked, right on
the ball,
"Where's this incinerator?
Just wait there and a man will call
Tomorrow—maybe later."

Come Wednesday, no one shows.
But then
Black smoke from next door
fells me,
So coughing hard I call again.
Now some Art Carney tells me
"It's far away—from stuff they
berl—
A Joisey-type aroma."
And I yell back, "Right, Conan
Derle!
It's erl from Oklahoma!"

On Thursday, with my breathing
wrecked
By chimneys, cars and gases,
While I am pausing to reflect
The law is like molasses
A young investigator comes,
And now I'm really cheered up.
He looks outside to catch the
bums—
No smoke! No stink! It's cleared
up.

On Friday I come home kaput,
To rest from office tension,
But there's no rest from fumes and
soot—
No respite—no suspension.

So Monday, do I phone? I do,
And hear some Mickey Rooney
Shout, "Joe, this call must be for
you—
That air pollution looney."

Maybe there is no simple cure,
Like legislation.
Maybe we're facing slow and sure
Asphyxiation.
Maybe pollution will endure,
And not the nation.

—EDWARD ELISCU.

The Snake Bit

Letter from Taiwan

SHOPS that sell snake meat can be found all over the city of Taipei. They cater to those who believe that eating snake meat can cure their horrible skin disease and to those who simply like the taste of snake. A customer can order a quantity of snake meat "to go," just as at any ordinary American delicatessen, or he can sit down at one of the several tables and be served the *specialité de la maison* in a grubby-looking bowl.

Not too long ago, a Chinese friend of mine announced his intention to introduce me to the "snake killing." In spite of the thousands of reckless red taxis, the dilapidated pedicabs, the maneuvering bicycles, and the masses of pedestrians crowding the streets, it didn't take long to walk to the most popular snake shop in town. The former owner of this shop is a legendary figure who died of snakebite just a few years ago. He had been serving a customer at the time he was bitten but he wasn't at all disturbed. After all, he had been bitten many times during his sixteen years in business and he was still alive, wasn't he? But overconfidence had made him careless and he went on to serve still another customer before reaching for the medicine chest. This time the cupboard was bare and before his daughter ran back with antitoxin borrowed from a neighboring snake shop, it was already too late. His widow runs the shop now.

Crude wire cages full of live, slithering cobras, "hundred step" snakes (so called because their poison is fatal before the victim takes one hundred steps), and other deadly neuro-toxic species are stacked one on top of the other out on the street in front of the store. Nothing but luck and the snakes' own apathy prevents a fang from finding its way into any of the curious children who, untended, occasionally press their noses against the wire mesh.

We watched the widow's daughter

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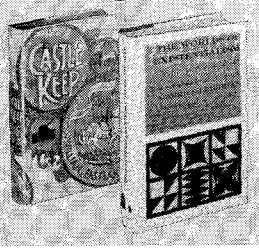

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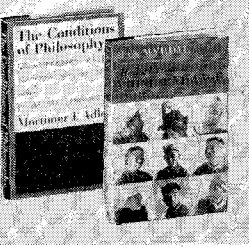

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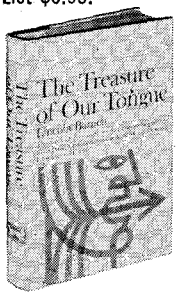

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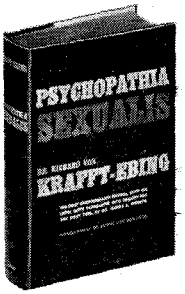

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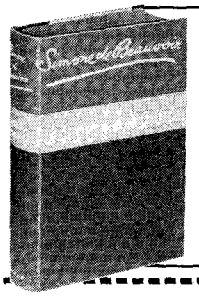

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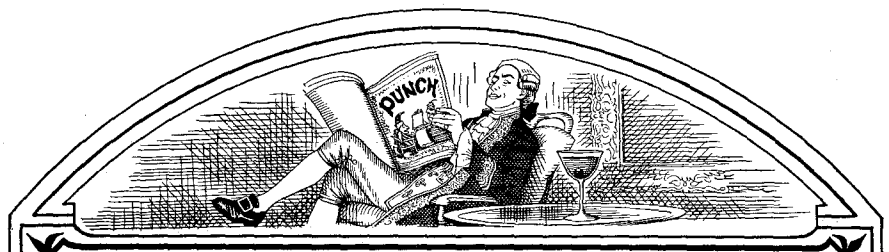

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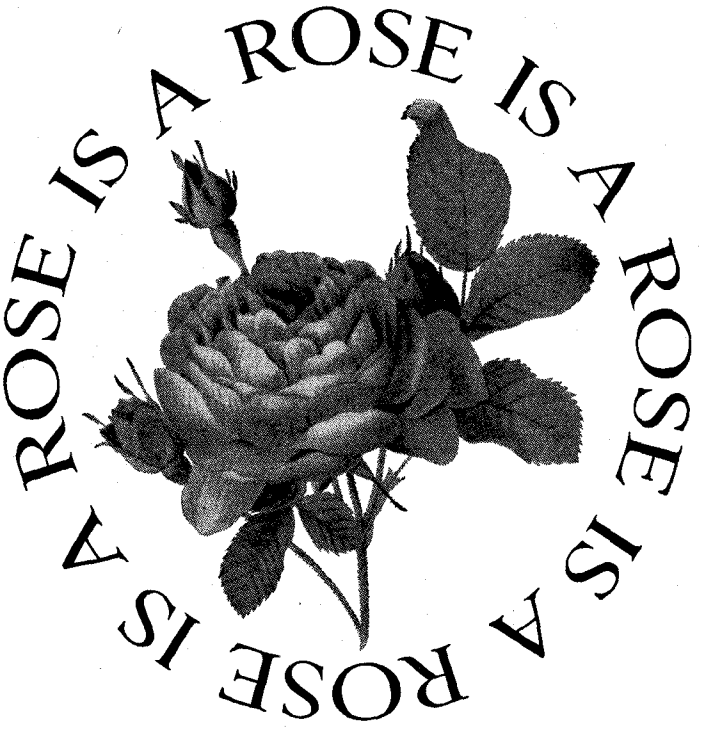

A rose is also the symbol of an empire, a poem, a painting, a fragrance. The Rose is an exhibition at the Hallmark Gallery now through July 30. Fifth Ave. at 56th St.

put her bare hand into a cage, deftly extracting one snake from the knotlike mess. Then, nonchalantly, she impaled its head on a spike in the wall and, almost before the snake's body realized it was dead and had stopped wriggling, she proceeded to skin it with the ease of removing an oversized glove. She chopped the reddish remainder of the snake into stewlike cubes and threw them into a pot of boiling water. Then she served this snake soup to two tiny children whose sad faces were covered with open, festering sores while the children's father looked on approvingly and hopefully.

An old man who always hangs around the shop—sort of a snake-store cowboy—detected my interest in the snakes and volunteered to give me the guided tour. He had just begun his lecture when I noticed a bedraggled, middle-aged woman running frantically down the narrow street with a boy of about ten clinging to her neck with both arms and encircling her waist with his legs. At the woman's side jogged an expressionless man.

They entered the shop and plopped the boy down on the counter. Around the boy's left leg a little below the knee was wrapped a dirty piece of blue cloth. The lower leg was swollen in an indescribably grotesque way and there were two red fang marks on his heel.

The boy looked more bewildered than frightened. But his mother had an anguished and pitifully helpless look on her face. The two children eating snake soup at the table glanced up for a moment but then, sensing their father's lack of concern, continued slurping. A few other customers looked on with disinterest. The snake-store cowboy never for a moment ceased his lecture, which by that time couldn't have interested me less. Neither the proprietress nor her daughter moved very quickly or gave any indication that this was a matter of greatest urgency, of life and death. But finally, the daughter, having lackadaisically rummaged through several wrong drawers, managed to dig out some sort of medicine, and the boy took it. The distraught mother then lifted her child into the original piggy-back position and, with the expressionless man still beside her, ran down the street and out of sight.

Later that night, as we walked homeward through darkened streets, my friend interrupted the silence: "You're probably thinking," he said to me, "that in America it wouldn't have been that way. People would have been concerned, would have helped."

"But things are different here," he continued. "Here . . ." he paused and then, somewhat hesitantly, quoted the old Chinese proverb: "Man is not worth money." —DAVID FINKELSTEIN.

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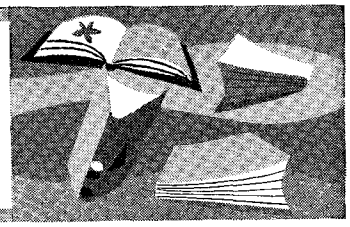
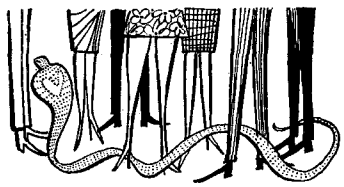
Trade Winds



WASHINGTON, D.C.

Each year the annual convention of the American Booksellers Association brings together a great many glamorous and interesting people. Many of them are authors who are persuaded by their publishers to attend the affair and add the personal touch to whatever selling job is being done on their new books.



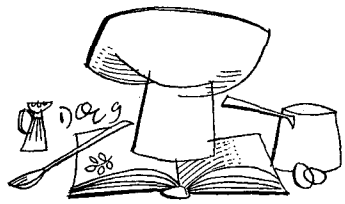
What this means is that the 3,000 people who attend are usually offered some rather memorable and contrasting treats.

This year, for instance, on the morning of the second day of the convention earlier this month, Bill Haast gave a demonstration in a medium-sized room of the Shoreham Hotel that was intended to draw attention to a book by Harry Kursh. The book, entitled *Cobras in His Garden*, is about Mr. Haast and his business of extracting venom from cobras for scientific purposes. Mr. Haast extracted venom from a cobra for the edification of a group of observers. At first they were reassured by the herpetologist, who said that no one need be afraid of a cobra unless the reptile's head goes flat. He then dropped the snake, whose head immediately seemed to grow flat. The audience jumped back and no one was trampled. Mr. Haast retrieved the snake and everyone relaxed, but only for a moment, because Mr. Haast said, "Now, where is the other cobra I brought with me?" He looked around. At the same time a very small boy, who for some reason was in the rear of the room, turned a somersault and rolled into the backs of the legs of the watchers in the back row. They let out audible sounds of alarm and everyone jumped forward. As it turned out, the second snake was safely hidden in a briefcase in the corner of the room. Mr. Haast gave out some dried serpent teeth to a few people and the show was over.

To illustrate the contrasting facets of this convention, barely one day later in the very same location, Michael Field, head of both the cooking school and the cookbook named after him (*Michael Field's Cooking School*), prepared a French fondu and a chicken liver pâté and served it to a few guests. (Oddly enough, the same little boy was turning somersaults but no one seemed to mind.)

The cookbook field has suddenly turned into a controversial one, especially after the attack on Fannie Farmer Mr. Field made in a magazine story. Actually, he was mainly concerned with the proper way to prepare a fondu. As I understand it, the point of contention is whether to reduce the wine first or to add it to the fondu while preparing it. The Swiss do it one way (the wrong way, Mr. Field says) and the French the other. Now, let's see, I believe the French reduce it first. Oh, well, I must get on with another part of the argument in the cookbook publishing field, namely: Which is the biggest-selling cookbook of all time?

Here at this convention, Bobbs Merrill says it is *The Joy of Cooking*, with 7,000,000 copies sold. This was pointed out to me because I stated in TRADE WINDS a few issues ago that Fannie Farmer's book was first. That still doesn't clear it up, because I ran into a man who represents the *Better Homes & Gardens Cookbook* and he says that one has sold 10,000,000 copies. Not only that, but it is the only one of the three that you can



lay flat on the kitchen table. Just to add to the excitement of the occasion, Vincent Price showed up here with what is reputed to be the most expensive cookbook. It is called *A Treasury of Great Recipes* and it will cost $20 per copy.

When it was reported that Artie Shaw was coming to the convention, everybody expected him to bring a band and entertain with some sounds of yesteryear. Instead, it turns out that Mr. Shaw has written a book of fiction, *I Love You, I Hate You, Drop Dead!* Those of us who thought his autobiography, published about ten years ago, was a flash in the pan, have been fooled. His new book appears to take up the theme of marriage on the rocks. The questions thrown at Mr. Shaw revolved around whether the book was based on

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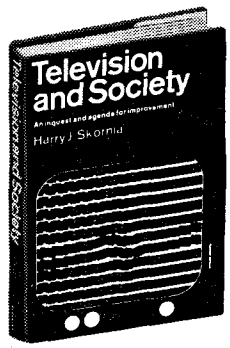

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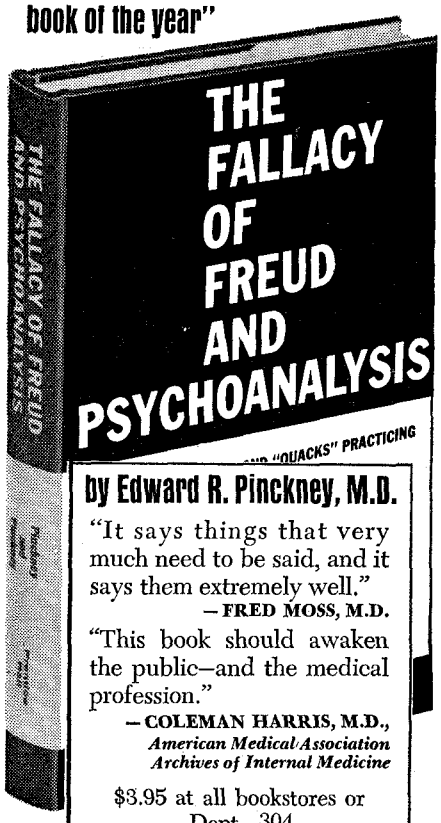

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his own marital adventures. As a fellow who has been married at least half a dozen times, he was able to answer, "What else?"

Mr. Shaw is a very literate dropout. He quit high school in the tenth grade, yet today he sprinkles his conversation with quotes from Dos Passos, Mark Twain, and Aristotle. Perhaps that is why he found himself on the same speaking platform with two professional writers, Eleanor Clark, author of *Oysters of Locmariaquer*, and Samuel Eliot Morison, the historian. It was an interesting threesome.

The personalities who showed up at this convention were diverse. In addition to those I have mentioned, there were Helen Hayes, John Le Carré, Alexander

Kerensky, Herman Wouk, Robert Penn Warren, Julie Harris, Mike Stern, and many others, all involved in some literary venture or other.

J. Edward Day, former Postmaster General, appeared to do his bit for his amusing book about his experiences in that position, *My Appointed Round*. He is the man who invented the Zip Code. As his book is a rather irreverent and critical look at our postal service, he says he won't be surprised if it gets lost in the mail.

Yet if I had to choose one book out of the thousands that were displayed and plugged here, I guess I'd choose one called *How to Set Up and Operate Your Own Lemonade Stand*. Although I had a feeling this was for children, it convinced me, after several days at the booksellers' convention, that that's the business to go in to.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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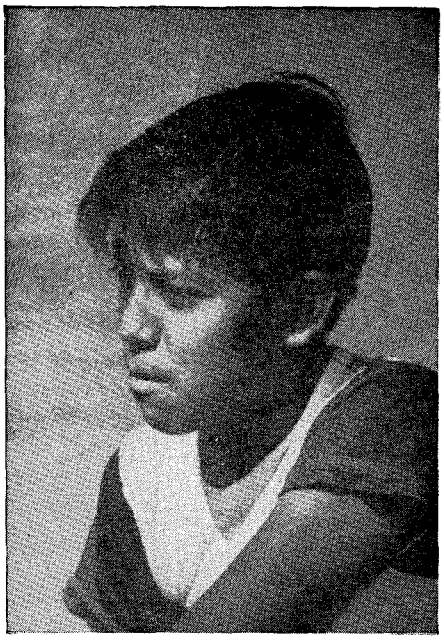

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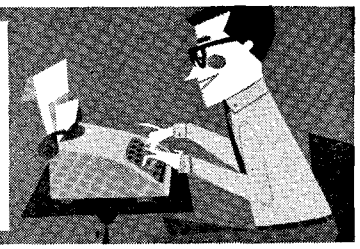
Top of My Head



No Soap

BEING THE mixed-up victim of a long and schizophrenic career of contributor to, and critic of, the mass media, I have spent most of my typing life in the business of writing comedy, the consequence of which has left me sporting a zigzag record of misses and near hits.

So when *Peyton Place* was first announced in the press as an up-and-coming part of nighttime TV programing I donned my cap of fair, honest, and open-minded critic and decided, sight unseen, I didn't like *Peyton Place*. And I vowed I would never watch this concupiscent concubinage of the cobalt.

However, I have a confession to make. I've been cheating. For several weeks now I have been following the sudsy sequences of this soap spectacle. But not on the television set. Rather, I've been reading the daily newspaper's TV-page descriptions of each night's carryings-on and I have become acquainted with, if not too familiar with, a lot of troubled people. In one month alone I discovered:

> Elliot helps Allison understand her mother.
>
> For Constance, Elliot and Allison there is the promise of a brighter future; for the three Harringtons, a bitter uprooting.
>
> Constance and Elliot Carson are to be married.
>
> Constance and Elliot have two difficult days.
>
> Elliot and Constance celebrate their wedding at the Harrington House.
>
> Constance and Elliot return from their honeymoon.
>
> Leslie begins proceedings to obtain a pardon.

How Leslie got in there I don't know. As a matter of fact, I haven't met Leslie yet. And as for Constance and Elliot celebrating their wedding at the Harrington House, when the three Harringtons are going through such a bitter uprooting—well, I don't think that's a very nice thing to do. Not in prime television time—and twice a week.

Of course, this sort of 99 and 94/100 pure soap began back in early radio. There was always *Our Gal Sunday* Monday through Friday—also *John's Other Wife*, also *Ma Perkins*, also a tearful raft of others. But radio had the good grace to put them on mornings and afternoons. Nighttime was reserved for shows of higher standard.

Television seems destined not to involve itself with standards. A speech made recently at a college graduation by the board chairman of a network indicates this substandard programing will continue:

> The public itself will determine the degree to which it accepts television as a cultural and education force. While massive force-feeding has been used successfully in producing pâté de foie gras, it is a useless technique for raising the taste and cultural or educational sights of a society.

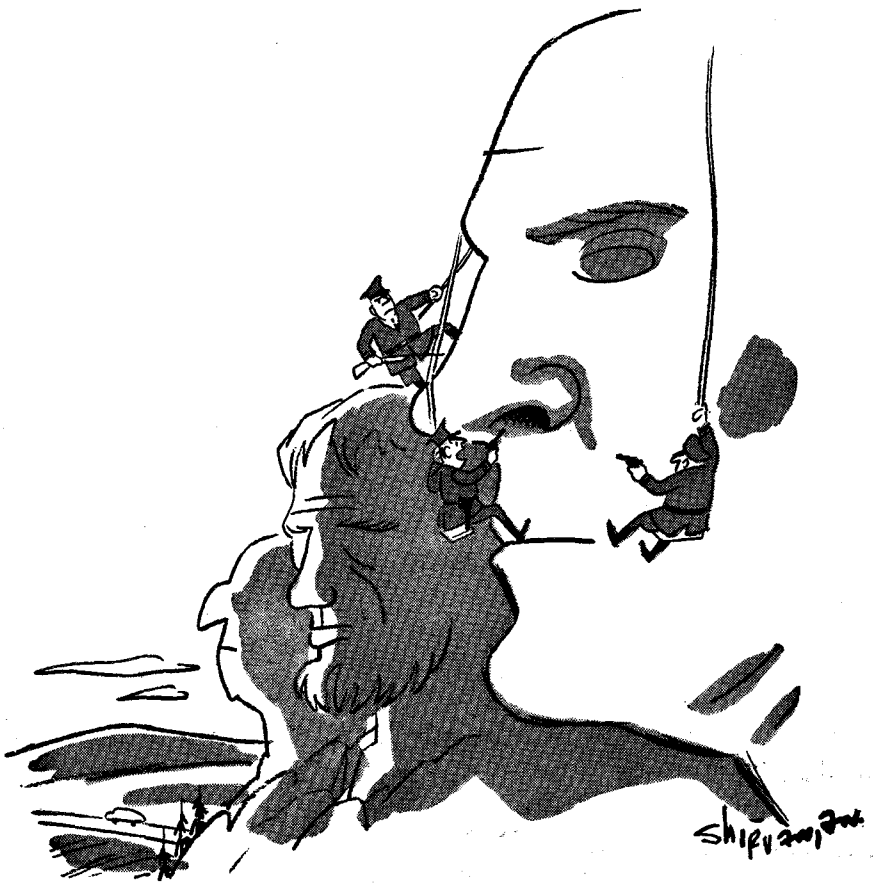
HOWEVER, *Peyton Place*—along with *Gilligan's Island*, *Shindig*, *Petticoat Junction*, and many others too humorless to mention—prove that it is a most useful technique in *lowering* the taste. And the rule of thumb is the lower the taste the higher the all-important rating. As a matter of fact, force-feeding is often prescribed when a patient is quite ill. And who will say the networks are suffering from only a common cold?

But all is not lost. Color, we are told, will be the predominant feature of the network shows this coming season. All the shows we didn't like last season we will soon see in living color. That's a plan that didn't take into consideration the fact that a peacock lays eggs, too. *Peyton Place*, it is announced, will not be in color. That's a loss. It would be interesting to see the blushes of the performers who have to live through the intimate plots and dreary lines of this cake of Camay.

HOW a show of this standard ever found its way to a prime nighttime spot on an important network is anybody's guess. By what specious genius-reasoning anybody could have believed this show would get a rating in the Nielsen report, even as bad as it is, is beyond comprehension. But it did. Which proves what kind of specious genius I am.

Jay Burton, one of television's most prolific writers of comedy lines, gives this version of how it all came about. The head of the network who had charge of turning out the pilot film of *Peyton Place* was asked by the vice president in charge of programs how the pilot turned out. The president replied: "It's an abortion." So the vice president ordered twenty-six shows. I accept that.

—GOODMAN ACE.



"All right, Strandwitz! We know you're in there!"

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Saturday Review
June 26, 1965

AMERICAN IDEALISM, 1965

BY HAROLD TAYLOR

"If we're going to stay in the Movement, we've got to watch ourselves, we've got to control ourselves all the time. It's like a war."—Mississippi civil rights demonstrator, 1962.

IN THE 1930s, the war that university students cared about was the Spanish Civil War. In the 1960s it is Vietnam and Mississippi, the moral equivalent of war, where the nature of a bigger world can be seen on a personal scale and public events can be directly known and acted upon.

The Spanish war was ideologically close and physically distant. Mississippi and Alabama are physically close, emotionally real, and have little to do with abstractions. Political action there is personal. The names are known, and ideology has given way to the politics of personal commitment. And that of course, is exactly what today's students are seeking—a sense of involvement with history.

Between Spain and Mississippi lies a stretch of time that has changed the response of the West to the occasions demanding moral sympathy. Few would now volunteer for an ideological war. The idealist's protest is against war itself, as in Vietnam, and ideological reasons are insufficient to condone the possibility of enormous disasters. The context of moral decision has shifted. The situation of the American Negro and the American poor in the 1920s and 1930s was worse than it is now, yet the strongest rallying point for liberal thought and action was not at home in the South but in Spain, where the abstract forces of history each had their public representatives in the field—fascists, Communists, anti-Communists, militarists, capitalists, clericalists, anti-clericalists, progressives, reactionaries.

In the 1920s and 1930s, those among the young who were alienated from middle-class white America went to Europe to write, to paint, to compose, to study, to fight, to be free from an America they had come to condemn for its cultural and social impurities. In the 1960s the young go to Africa, Asia, or Latin America for the Peace Corps, they teach in Mississippi, demonstrate in Alabama, tutor in Chicago slums. They do the work they are doing, not in support of an abstract idea, but for the sake of the people they are able to help.

The liberal ideology of the 1930s, which linked together students, trade unionists, Negroes, the poor, the unemployed, the teachers, anti-Fascists, and political radicals, no longer exists. Teachers are nonpolitical members of guilds and associations, the unions are conservative in social philosophy, some are anti-liberal. The tension between labor and capital that gave an ideological flavor and a moral content to political and social action has disappeared into a dialectic of bargaining strategies supported by economic and social ambitions on both sides.

THE leadership has accordingly shifted away from the older generation, into the hands of the young, whose style is that of the Peace Corps volunteer, the SNCC worker, the CORE activist, the Berkeley Free Speech student whose slogan is "You can't trust anyone over thirty." The term "white liberal" becomes in these quarters a label for middle-class compromisers—the faculty member who calls for orderly discussion instead of demonstrations, the social worker who plans poverty programs for the poor instead of joining rent strikes, the Democrat who supports American foreign policy while expressing doubts about it.

The younger generation has inherited the tougher traditions of the Depression.

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years and of those who then fought the battles of the sharecroppers, the Negro, and the poor. The problems of the Depression were never solved. They were absorbed into the mobilization for war. After the war they were hidden from view in a society almost totally concerned with achieving political and militarly security against Communism and obtaining material prosperity for an expanding middle class.

That the Depression issues have now broken the surface of the public mind in an explosion of consciousness is due, in the area of its beginning, to the courage, initiative, and steady moral sense of young Southern Negroes in the late 1950s. Against the warnings of their parents, their teachers, and the Negro leaders in their own communities, the boys and girls quietly began their lunch-counter demonstrations to achieve a limited objective of almost unlimited symbolic value—the right to be served at a lunch counter, the peoples' eating place. Lacking in political inhibition, knowing little of political strategy, strong in comradeship, they formed their own small band of witnesses and suffered reprisals with a dignity plain for all to see.

THROUGH the mass media, the youth of the country, white and black, saw at that time the members of their generation beaten, jailed, molested, bombed, shot at, set upon by dogs, jabbed by cattle prods, threatened by bullies, and denied the simple rights and forms of justice that Americans have come to take for granted. The quickening of conscience from that experience has set in motion a stream of ideas and acts among the young which almost no one foresaw.

Until then, the youth of America had known little of the problems of the Thirties, or even of the Fifties. Depressions, Fascists, poverty, social justice were seldom mentioned. In R. H. Tawney's words, ". . . the agonies of peoples [had] become the exercise in the schools." The young had been taught, not the reality of their age, but the simple notions of cold war politics in which friends were those who would fight Communists and enemies were those who thought otherwise.

"Action is with the scholar subordinate, but is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. . . . Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought. the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action."—Ralph Waldo Emerson in "The American Scholar," 1837.

Colleges had in fact become a refuge into which the young could escape, by the possession of sufficient funds and sufficient grades, to find a shelter from the immediacy of finding a job, serving in the military, finding a place in society. College already was a place in society, one in which rewards were assigned to the educated; education was defined as academic skill, and the college student was both a symbol and a hostage of the organized establishment.

Then the message of the Negro broke through. The drama of his struggle was publicly enacted, often on the campuses themselves, as in the Meredith case, and the moral issue for members of the younger generation was sharply raised in the context of their personal lives. Students began to see, in ways they had never seen before, that the situation of the Negro was the situation of the victim everywhere and that it was linked to poverty, unemployment, inequality, and injustice in a society they had been told was affluent and just.

Out of that awakening a new leadership has formed among the young, resulting in a movement with a character of its own and a new coalition of social forces. During the 1950s a class division had begun consciously to develop within the society and among the young. It was not the European class-consciousness of workers and owners, or even rich and poor, but a class division between the young ineducables – dropouts, delinquents, draftees, wage-earners and hot-rodders—those who did not or could not go to college, and those who could and did—the Merit Scholars, fraternity men, straight-A students, pre-medical, pre-law, pre-professionals of all kinds, and the rest who went to Fort Lauderdale. In one dimension the division was between the middle-class whites and the poor whites and Negroes. In another it was between the political sophisticates and the noncommitted. In another, it was between affluent, white, middle-class America and the poverty-stricken colored races of the world.

The new liberal coalition finds a common base among the young by rejecting the idea of a half-affluent society, that is to say the idea of a class society composed of two classes, the white well-to-do and the others. The coalition of young Negroes and whites is founded on the commitment to an equalitarian ethic that can act on a world scale. There is the same sense of alienation from white middle-class society that marked the liberal movement of the 1930s, but a new sense of identity by the liberal with the poor, the uneducated, and the unemployed. The white youth in the movement find in the character of the Negro people the qualities basic to a new democratic culture. The music, the songs, the humor, the wit, and the style of the Negro community have an authenticity they find lacking in their own lives.

These are the young who wish to get out of the middle class if they are in it, and to move, not into a hierarchy above or below, but into the classless society of those to whom the acquisition of money, property, or social position does not matter. In becoming social activists

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they draw their parents and the members of the older generation into the swirl of social consequence. They go first to the South from the North, to be followed, months later, by clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and older-generation liberals who then march in Alabama with the established Negro leaders. The transaction between the generations has shifted the moral authority to the young who act first and explain later.

THEIR explanations are precise and far-reaching. They are against war because it is literally a dead end and solves nothing. They are for international cooperation, disarmament, international peace controls, and negotiation of conflict since these constitute the alternative to war. They are for equality in education and in economic and social opportunity, and they take practical steps to bring it about. They have few slogans, few ringing statements about democratic values. It is as if, having seen hypocrisy in the proclamations of politics and having examined the nature of the political process, they have decided to proceed by individual acts bearing witness to beliefs, rather than by public statements about belief.

Political action by the idealist of the 1930s was marked by the prevalence of liberal propaganda and public statement, an emphasis on mass movements organized around political strategies and tactics set by the leadership. The young activists of that time were in rebellion against an older generation and its conservative values, against a generation which had failed to stop war, cure poverty, prevent the rise of fascism. But the young joined political movements organized by their elders.

The activists of the present generation have not rebelled. They have simply bypassed the older generation and its political apparatus and have acted on their own, calling upon certain of their elders to help them if they cared to. They are skeptical of heroes; they owe allegiance to those with whom they work and to the people they are trying to help. In voter-registration projects, Freedom Schools, community organization, tutoring programs, they are acting outside the organized institutions of society, inventing their own curricula as teachers, often withdrawing from school and college to work in the field of education and social change.

They have also developed new forms of organization for themselves, in which the older patterns of the liberal movements have been replaced by loose membership arrangements and a casual kind of leadership marked by an easy interchange of members and leaders. The character of the leadership depends on the nature of the job to be done.

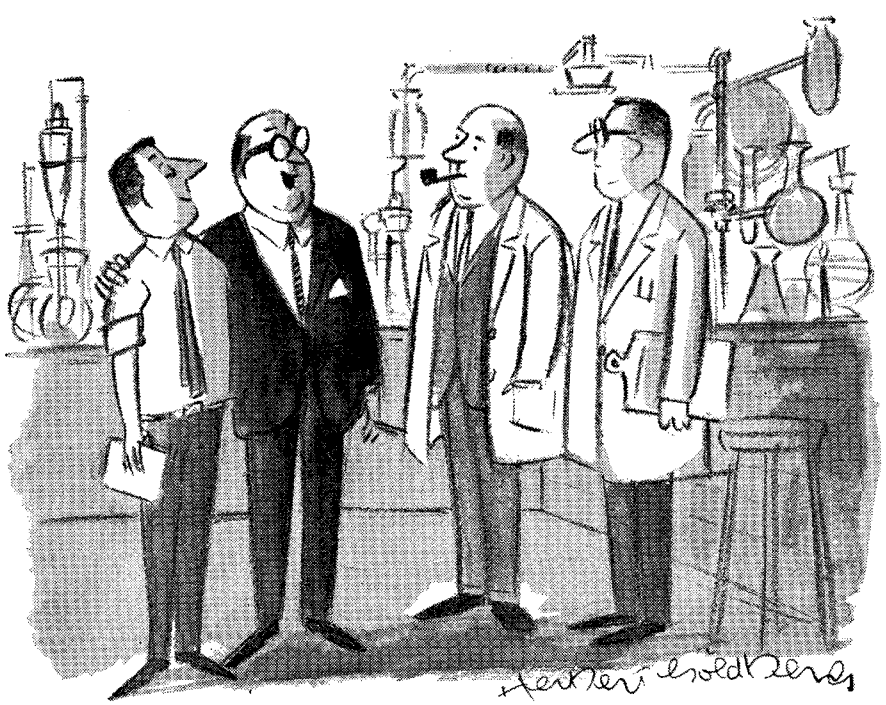
The new generation does its own research in foreign policy, economic reform, disarmament, education. When volunteers return from Peace Corps service abroad, they bring with them bodies of knowledge derived from direct experience; they have knowledge unavailable to any except those who have served in the field. They are impatient with a society that takes its knowledge and values at second hand. As a result, they are often misunderstood by those of the older generation, especially among the educators, who have not themselves had the experience of direct involvement with the situation of the world and who have not entered, either directly or in imagination, into the lives of the younger generation. Were they to enter into them, they would discover how far behind they have fallen in understanding the nature of contemporary social change and the role of youth in bringing it about.

They would understand that the demand of youth for a share in the reform of the universities is part of a larger demand for the achievement of democratic rights and the reconstruction of society through education. They would also understand that the reason so many of the young reformers seem radical in social philosophy and intransigent in social action is that there are almost no radicals in the older generation to compare them with, and that the complacency, conservatism, and paternalism of the educators give them a reference point too distant from the reality of the student to make informed judgment of student thought and action even remotely possible.

THE universities of the United States are not only the center of the knowledge industry. They are certainly that. But they must also be centers of creative thought on matters having to do with public policy. The leaders of the liberal movement among students know this. They have learned through experience in Mississippi and the slums that the secret of social power lies in possessing the right to make decisions about matters affecting one's own situation. They claim that right to decision in the context of their own education and their own place in the society, and they claim the right not only for themselves but for everyone else.

It is a sign of the failure of higher education in America that it has had in the past so little to do with the needs of the Negro, the poor, the deprived, and the socially depressed, and so much to do with the success of the money-making classes. It is another sign of failure that, rather than taking leadership in the political and social education of the student, the university has done everything possible to insulate him from direct confrontation with the reality of his society by hedging him around with prohibitions on political and educational action, by treating the educational process as if it were simply a matter of academic busy-work.

The time has come for a change in all this. The younger generation has won, in the field, the right to represent the forces of intellectual and liberal reform. It is entitled, in this gallant endeavor, to the respect and support of those who control the universities.



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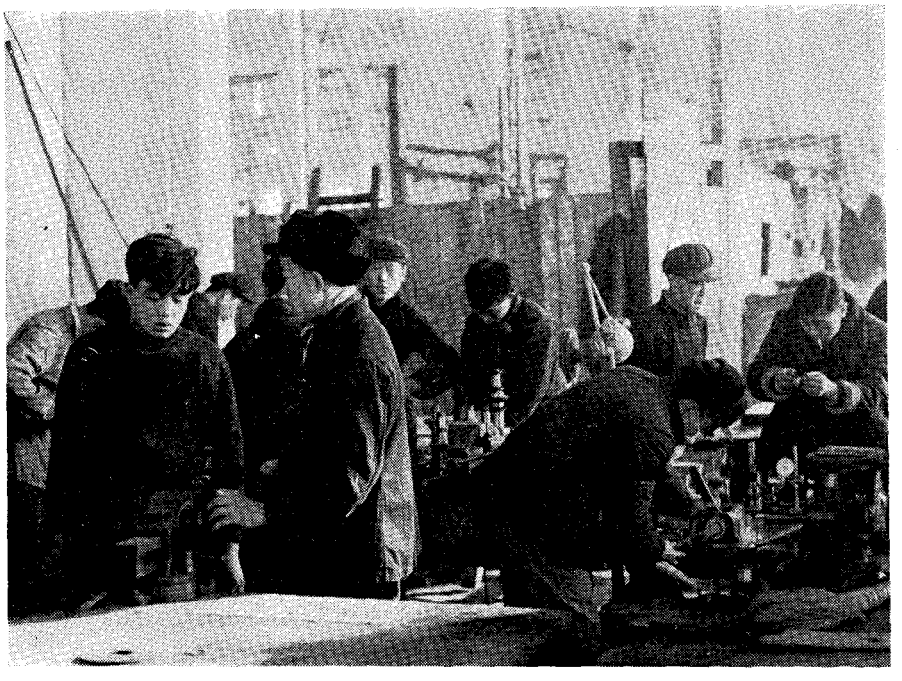
FINDING OUT ABOUT RED CHINA



Workers in a Communist Chinese factory—"a duty of all our citizens to learn more about the Mainland regime."

By LUTHER H. EVANS

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE thinks it knows all it needs to know about Communist China in order to decide our foreign policy in regard to that regime. I am not in a position to say that this is not so. Indeed, I suspect that it is quite true. What I believe, and wish to argue, is that such a desirable objective has not been reached by public opinion in the U.S., or even by the more enlightened portion of it, and that this situation jeopardizes the dialogue between the government and the people in the democratic process of this country's foreign-policy formation. I wish to argue also that no more time should be allowed to pass before we take significant measures to improve this situation.

The State Department acknowledges that a few years ago the Chinese, in the Warsaw conversations, wanted information exchanges with us, including the exchange of reporters, and that it was Mr. Dulles and his colleagues who refused such exchanges. Now the situation is the reverse, and the Department reports that the Chinese are adamant in blocking such a program.

I believe the Department's report, but I do not fully share its apparent conclusion that the situation is, therefore, hopeless. I believe, on the contrary, that there are concrete measures we can take in an effort to exchange information with the Communist Chinese, and I believe that such measures might possibly result in due time in a reversal of the Chinese attitude.

There needs to be, first of all, a declaration of U.S. policy that corresponds with the present undeclared policy—one might almost call it a secret policy—of vigorously opening up the channels for a mutual exchange of information. The President ought, as I see it, to declare that he deems it a duty of all our citizens to learn more about the Mainland regime, including facts that are favorable to it, and that the government, in all its activities, including those of the Customs Bureau and the Post Office, will encourage such an objective. He should unequivocally declare that ignorance in this matter, as in all others, is dangerous. The press and the other mass media should be called upon to present a more adequate flow of information to the people, even if it is necessary and desirable to call attention to the fact that the source in some cases obviously means that the material is "Communist political propaganda." Even propaganda is helpful in understanding a country's motives, accomplishments, problems, and objectives. It should also be pointed out that our media have within their reach not only important sources of data but also a large and growing group of scholars who are available to comment on such presentations as the media might wish to make, giving correctives to much of what might be deemed misinformation.

This is true also of mountains of factual and not so factual material. We have large efforts going on constantly to translate Chinese material into English, and much of this is available or could easily be made available to the press and other media. Besides having policy clarified where government use of such material is concerned, there is need for special-interest groups to demand its prompt presentation to the people. When it does not seem to the media that there is a general demand for this kind of material, at least some of it might be prepared in a form useful for more limited circulation, as in magazines with circulation among opinion leaders and other highly select clienteles.

THE translation work now being carried forward, though extensive, particularly in the news field, needs to be extended considerably. We ought to have many more, perhaps dozens, of current Mainland scientific, technical, and social science periodicals translated cover to cover and distributed widely to libraries on a current basis, as is regularly being done today with Russian periodicals. We need to know what Chinese scholars are saying to one another fully as much as we need to know what scholars in the USSR are saying to their colleagues.

In the case of motion pictures, the college circuit could be used when a large general clientele is not present to justify ordinary moviehouse presentation. Educational TV could also use much material whose interest might not appear to justify regular network presentation.

Fortunately, many Canadians are visiting the Mainland these days, and much good could be accomplished by having them tour widely in the U.S. to report their observations. Magazines and TV could also report what they have to say. This is almost as good as having U.S. citizens go to China and report to the public.

Moreover, if we were to take the in-

The author of this article was Librarian of Congress from 1945 to 1953 and Director General of UNESCO from 1953 to 1958. He is currently serving as Director of International and Legal Collections at Columbia University.

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Farmers in a commune—What do they know about the U.S.?

formation problem seriously, we could print in our press more of what is reported from Peking by Canadian and British correspondents. The *New York Times* is already reprinting some of these stories. The practice should become much more general. A great deal would be gained if newspapers were to view this as a responsibility.

THERE is another important source of news about Mainland China that could be exploited much more than at present. A considerable number of universities and research centers in the U.S. have mounted significant research efforts dealing with China and other parts of Asia. Their libraries contain an ever-increasing flow of material originating in Red China, of the kind relied on by the State Department and other government agencies in their study of China. Experts in the universities and research establishments read this material, interpret it, write about it, discuss it with their colleagues. But the dialogue they hold among themselves is not fully known to even the leaders of opinion in this country. Something should be done to get wider dissemination of their findings and even of their current reactions to the flow of information that passes under their vision. What happened when they were mobilized to comment on the significance of the detonation last October of a nuclear device should be repeated every week about some Chinese development —how farming is going forward or backward, what is happening in the schools, developments in health or the productivity of labor, what kind of poetry is being written, what kind of people are getting ready to take over from the oldest generation of Red leaders, and other such matters.

Where university and other research programs are concerned, it is necessary to point to the need for more effort in the acquisition of books and other material for libraries. Much material that the Red Chinese do not want to disseminate abroad is secured in only one or two copies (frequently by methods it is best not to talk about). When the intelligence community has read this material, it frequently exploits it but does not pass it on to the scholarly community. I maintain that the material should be listed, filmed, and made available to the research libraries of the country, even if some government money has to help finance the project. After all, the government expects scholars to be at its beck and call whenever it needs their counsel, and it ought to help them in this modest way to prepare themselves.

Personal contact between specialists, despite all the other methods of communication and of learning, remains one of the best ways of arriving at a firm base of knowledge and real understanding about a people. Until the Mainland changes its tune where the admission of U.S. visitors is concerned, we cannot do as much as is needed. But we can do something. We can lobby in the U.N. organizations, including UNESCO, WHO, FAO, ICAO, etc., asking that when international nongovernmental organizations hold meetings of experts on the hundreds of subjects they cover, they be permitted and encouraged to invite qualified experts from Red China. In this way numerous U.S. experts could talk with Chinese experts. There is no doubt that some good would come of this.

Is there anything we can do to increase Red China's knowledge of us? As long as the present rigid position is maintained on their side, this will be difficult, and may not pay off. But I think we should try. There is already a significant exchange of books and other materials in progress, and our government could help this process. The Chinese are requesting much more than the libraries with which they have exchange relations here can supply from their collections of unwanted material. The government should help our research libraries buy U.S. and perhaps other books for this exchange purpose. The State Department gives moral encouragement to this exchange, but financial encouragement is also required for our maximum gain.

It needs to be considered whether we should translate U.S. books and other publications into Chinese for sale on the Hong Kong market, and for distribution to Chinese libraries on exchange. Perhaps the Red Chinese leaders would like to have many of our books in Chinese, books they are vigorously trying to procure in English. If they can be convinced that such translations are true translations—it would be easy for them to verify this—it would seem obvious that more people on their side would read them than can read English. I recommend that we make a try in this area of communication also. Perhaps Franklin Book Programs, which has done such a magnificent job in other areas and languages, could be pressed into service to manage such a Chinese program.

If we do not do something imaginative and constructive in the exchange of information with Red China, the people of this country and the people of China may well pay dearly for our failure. Can we act in time?

Stopping in the Sun

By David Wagoner

ON the long slope of the dune,
Stopping in the sun,
I watch the wind heave ribs high in the sand
Among the pines and starweed,
Then spill its shoulder down to a grey cove.

My footprints, all but the final one,
Have been wiped out as cleanly as lost clues.
Now, even the last floats up at the heel,
Goes shallow along the sole,
And turns as light as the pacing of sunlight.

And nothing will save the pair under my shoes.
A raven coasts at the crest,
The ancient joker burnt as black
As a flaw in space. I drift slowly uphill
Against the crosswind lifting us together.

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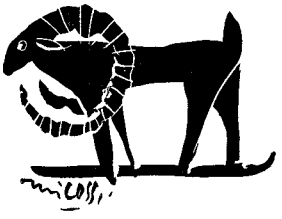
Tacitus

By KENNETH REXROTH

IN THE POPULAR MIND the history of Imperial Rome consists of the scandalous biographies of emperors at the center, battles of military textbooks at the periphery, linked by marching and countermarching iron-shod legions building bridges, roads, and constantly revolting and hoisting one of their number aloft on their shields and onto the imperial throne—rather without meaning as we understand history. The life and works of Tacitus are themselves a revelation of meaningful history in the first generations of the empire. He was born in the onset of the collapse of the first principate, grew to maturity in the dark days of the reign of Domitian, wrote his greatest works under the benign Trajan, and probably lived on into the reign of Hadrian.

In Tacitus Senatorial history reaches its anticlimax, for he is the propagandist of the caste that in Chinese affairs we call the scholar-gentry, which would never again play a major role on the stage of Western history, if the plot of the historical drama is the shifts and conquests and losses of real power. After the Punic wars Roman Senators were hardly gentry. They certainly never were scholars. On the face of it, each book of Tacitus—*The Germania, The Agricola, The History,* and *The Annals*—is a party pamphlet, yet we believe them because of their unparalleled trenchancy. Succeeding ages assumed his *Histories* suffered only from the commendable virtue of Republican party enthusiasm and took it for granted that the perverts and gangsters of Suetonius's *Lives of the Twelve Caesars* were figures of embittered, comic romance. Tacitus persuades us that Tiberius and Claudius must have been the sort he says they were. Modern historians and the experience of a century more embittering than the first of the Christian era prove us wrong on both counts. Today we know that clowns and blood-drinking perverts climb to the summits of power, pushed on by the enthusiastic applause of the majority, nor is it now unbelievable that a Roman emperor enjoyed being sodomized on the public stage. But the destructive policies of morose Tiberius, the sloth and foolery of Claudius, the lunacy of Nero are not substantiated by research.

In Tacitus's day the economic, social, and political system against which his work is a polemic came to its full flower. Devoted to the imaginary frosty virtues of the Republic of Livy, he lived to see the midsummer of Empire. He first appears as the prosecutor in the Senate of the crooked proconsul Marius Priscus, for "conduct unbecoming a gentleman." In youth he visited Germany and married the daughter of Agricola, the governor of Britain. In the first work attributed to him, he bemoans the decline of oratory and says flatly that the art of persuasion has passed from the halls of justice to the study of the historian. His life of his father-in-law is a celebration of an ideal Roman gentleman of the oldest school, a Cincinnatus reborn; his description of the heir-apparent Germanicus is the romance of a new aristocrat—stainless, decorative, and politically ineffectual.



Roman history as Tacitus knew it in his own time began with the last days of the struggle to reorganize the Republic, while preserving its ceremonial forms, into an imperial palace system of the Mesopotamian - Egyptian - Chinese - Byzantine type. It was necessary to deprive the Senators and all other Republican castes of every vestige of real power. Before Tacitus was born they had already lost all power, but he was to establish for posterity their oligarchic mysticism as it expressed itself in impotent resistance two generations after actual total defeat. The social role, the moral qualities, the political competence the Senate imagined they still might reclaim, Tacitus sculptures out of granite into an image for all time. In the days of Tacitus the real Roman oligarchy, the gentlemen-farmers, scholar-statesmen, amateur but indomitable warriors of legend were precisely the new technocrats, proprietors of immense slave-operated estates, court poets, holders of imperial franchises. They were creatures of the court, eunuchs and freedmen, mostly highly cultivated Greeks and Levantines who had never heard of the right and wrong defined in the pages of aristocratic history and were beyond the good and evil of the heroes of oligarchic myth. It is because Tacitus knew this bitter truth in his heart, although every word he wrote was devoted to countervailing it, that his is perhaps the most mordant style in the history of prose. It was as though he sensed that long legend of martyrdom working out in pitiful reality that lay ahead of him—Boethius defying Theodoric, Arnold of Brescia, Rienzi, Daniele Manin, Matteotti. So his prose gnaws and chews with a grimness unknown to Burke, Gibbon, and their French congeners, for these men believed that a European scholar-gentry, which in reality was to play so fleeting a role, would succeed—and all the world would be united under the benevolent sway of enlightened Whigs and Girondins, brave and learned landlords.

In Thucydides, Plutarch, Livy, and, above all, Tacitus, we wilfully suspend disbelief and enjoy the ceremonial stateliness of the drama and, in Tacitus's case, the grandeur of his malice, a style like a tray of dental instruments. So deeply is this style embedded in the narrative, in every inflection of perception and judgment, that even the most inept and donnish translators have never been able to erase it. The figures of Tacitus act out a melodrama in which powerless men are whirled through catastrophe by impersonal force. The mask that garbs such force, the emperor as the embodiment of a dark, inscrutable imperial will, can never be more than a figure of gruesome farce, like the Fu Manchus, mad scientists, and master Bolsheviks of our own fictions. His opponents can never rise above the condition of marionettes of pathos. Neither can be fully fleshed as complete men, as heroes of a tragic history like Thucydides's, because they can never generate their own motives.

The sharpness of Tacitus's bite makes it easy to forget that melodrama prevents him from being a writer of the first rank, from having a genuine political morality or philosophy. Many a disgusting old fraud in Roman literature managed to convince himself he was a Stoic. Even this was not permitted Tacitus. His personal life-attitude must have been like that of one of the more gloomy existentialists of the present day—a clerkly individual who has discovered that his kind is no longer useful and who therefore has lost hope in the future, faith in natural process, and charity toward his fellows. Tacitus, writing in the Empire's most halcyon season, could survey its human relationships and come only to one judgment: no exit.

This is the tenth article in a series by Kenneth Rexroth, the distinguished author and critic. Previous articles were: "The Epic of Gilgamesh" (March 20); "The Iliad" (March 27); "The Odyssey" (April 3); "Beowulf" (April 10); "Njal's Saga" (May 1); "Don Quixote" (May 15); "Livy's Early Rome" (May 29); "The Satyricon" (June 5); and "Plutarch" (June 12).

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The Patient's Right to Know

"PHYSICIANS take great pride in being able to manage and control the medical behavior of their colleagues."

The New England Journal of Medicine published those words on the editorial page of its issue of December 19, 1963, as a truism.

One month and a day later, a lay member of the board of directors of the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital of Brooklyn, New York, appeared in the Brooklyn Supreme Court and asked for an order to help determine what, if any, management and control there was of the medical behavior of physicians in the hospital for which he shared legal responsibility.

The appellant, William A. Hyman, a lawyer with an international reputation, swore that during the previous summer twenty-two old and helpless patients in the hospital had been subjected to medical experiments—injection with live cancer cells—without their knowledge or consent.

Solomon Seigel, executive director of the hospital, immediately confirmed the fact of the experiment and the failure to inform the patients either that the injected cells were cancer cells or that the cells were live. "It was not necessary to tell them," Mr. Seigel said, "because they [the cancer cells] are harmless."

Recalling that the hospital had "legal and moral obligations to its patients to protect their medical histories and their identities," Mr. Seigel refused Mr. Hyman's demand to examine the hospital record of what had happened.

Meanwhile, the doctors who performed the experiment reported on it at an open medical meeting—the Sixth International Transplantation Conference.

The printed abstract of the report, circulated in advance of the report's delivery, explained that the purpose of the experiment was to determine whether people suffering advanced stages of diseases other than cancer could throw off invasions of cancer.

The report itself said that nineteen of the twenty-two patients did not have cancer. No pretense was made that the experiment could possibly help these patients, or even that the experiment would contribute to understanding of the diseases with which the patients were afflicted. Nine of the nineteen had died between the date of the experiment (July 1963) and the date of the meeting at the New York Academy of Sciences (February 7, 1964). The report included an undocumented oral statement that none of the deaths was due to the experiment.

The report said nothing further about the three patients who had cancer at the time of the injections.

WHEN Mr. Hyman pressed for the hospital records, Brooklyn's Chief Assistant District Attorney Aaron E. Koota told the newspapers: "Medical opinion is unanimous that the patients were running no risk of contracting cancer and hence needed not to be cautioned that there was any such risk."

Such a sweeping statement inevitably invited comparison with a statement made to *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, by the physician who had originated this particular line of experimentation among healthy inmates of Ohio State Penitentiary in 1956 (after advising them of the risks and obtaining their consent). He was Dr. Chester M. Southam, of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. Asked whether he had injected live cancer cells into himself or his research associates before injecting them into others, Dr. Southam replied: "I would not have hesitated if it would have served a useful purpose. But to me it seemed like false heroism, like the old question whether the general should march behind or in front of his troops. I do not regard myself as indispensable—if I were not doing this work someone else would be—and I did not regard the experiment as dangerous. But let's face it. There are relatively few skilled cancer researchers, and it seemed stupid to take even the small risk."

Mr. Hyman had to fight all the way up to the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, with no help from medical organizations or institutions. He won his case on March 18, 1965, as a lone lay petitioner.

Not until last June 10 did the medical grievance committee of the division of professional conduct of the New York State Department of Education adopt recommendations against Sloan-Kettering's Dr. Southam and the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital's Dr. E. E. Mandel, who were primarily responsible for the experiment. The recommendation will be considered by the Board of Regents in September.

WHY did the medical grievance committee delay a decision for eighteen months? Because unanimous agreement had to be reached. One of the seventeen physicians on the committee could have held out for acquittal and permanently blocked invocation of any discipline.

If one member of a jury in a criminal court trial holds out for acquittal, a disagreement is declared and a new trial ordered. It takes only twelve members of a grand jury (total membership: sixteen to twenty-three) to return an indictment. Civil jury decisions require a five-out-of-six vote. But a decision to revoke the license of a New York physician—or even to censure him publicly—must be unanimous!

Obviously, it is time for a change. The situation cannot be left entirely to the physicians. The U.S. Food and Drug Law should categorically prohibit experimentation without the subject's informed consent. Congressional appropriations covering federal grants to medical experimenters should carry the same ban against invasion of the body and the mind. —JOHN LEAR.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Cleaning Up

CONGRATULATIONS on your provocative and timely special section "The Fouling of the American Environment" [*SR*, May 22].

Certainly this is a challenge before the American people of the highest priority and the deepest significance—to their health, their jobs, their pleasures, and the very quality of their lives.

It is my conviction, however, that the people are ready to respond if they are offered a program of realistic and decisive action. This readiness is confirmed by our experience in New York State.

In December I proposed a massive and comprehensive program to end water pollution in New York, including a billion-dollar state bond issue to spur the construction of $1.7 billion in local sewage treatment facilities. The magnitude of this effort may be judged against the fact that New York's local governments receive only a little more than $5,000,000 a year for this purpose from the federal government.

The response from the people was immediate and favorable, with scores of private organizations in all fields adopting resolutions in favor of and otherwise endorsing the program, and local government bodies across the state indicating their support.

The bills to implement the basic program (to authorize, subject to the approval of the voters, a billion-dollar state bond issue to be used to reduce the local share of the cost of treatment facilities to 40 per cent, to provide state and local tax incentives for industrial treatment facilities, and to streamline the state's antipollution enforcement) were introduced jointly in the state legislature by the leadership of both political parties. Responding to the call of the people for decisive action, the legislature adopted the program without a dissenting vote in either House, a display of unanimity truly unique with regard to a measure of such magnitude.

We look for a favorable vote in November on the billion-dollar bond issue authorization, which is the key to our state program. More fine efforts on the part of the communications media will help assure the public awareness and response so necessary to constructive, lasting action.

It is my hope that such public awareness—and New York's example—will also move the federal government to undertake a realistic attack upon the mounting national problem of pollution by assuming its rightful share of the cost burden in partnership with the states and localities.

NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER,
Governor of New York State.

Albany, N.Y.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH for your splendid section on "The Fouling of the American Environment." You might be interested to know that I have placed the entire series of articles in the *Congressional Record*.

I have discovered, however, that there is one error. The article on Pittsburgh describes David L. Lawrence as an independent, well-to-do businessman. My good friend has been a life-long, active Democrat and has been national committeeman from Pennsylvania for more than thirty years, so he can hardly be described as independent. He also comes from humble origins, of which he is very proud.

JOSEPH S. CLARK,
U.S. Senate.

Washington, D.C.

YOU ARE TO BE commended for having such a distinguished panel of experts discuss the problems that confront the United States concerning water and air pollution.

I am hopeful that this series will have its impact on elected officials who are charged with the responsibility of enacting programs that will bring immediate relief.

RICHARD D. MCCARTHY,
U.S. House of Representatives.

Washington, D.C.

IT IS GRATIFYING to read such a thorough study on the pollution of the American environment. We hope all your aroused readers in the New York metropolitan area will rally around Citizens for Clean Air, which is dedicated to mobilizing public opinion in the fight against air pollution. We welcome their membership.

CAROLYN S. KONHEIM,
Secretary, Citizens for Clean Air.

New York, N.Y.

I WAS GRATIFIED to see the prominent coverage given to the problems involved in "The Fouling of the American Environment." One thing, however, disappointed me: and this was the failure to use the word "biocide"—a term only too appropriate to the many aspects of widespread and dangerous pollution. I noticed this failure especially because it was *SR* that first publicized "biocide," the word now having found its way into a few dictionaries. The term was coined by Dr. Emmanuel Greenberg.

CAROL L. CARDOZO.

Cambridge, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"But I have my own well; why should I be taxed for Croton Reservoir?"

The Sound of Protest

I FIND ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S "What's in a Handshake?" [*SR*, May 15] revealing and refreshing. I am sorry that *Open End* is not seen here in Dayton, and that the handshaking was not televised.

Nevertheless, how can Mr. Shayon say, "He [Hosea Williams] would have been more effective, during the conversation, had he moderated his manner and length of speaking"? In the sentence above Mr. Shayon wrote, "Like the Old Testament prophet for whom he is named, he is a man of volatile moods." If whites got the volatile image of Mr. Williams, then they have the images of thousands of Negroes all over this land. . . .

The idea that Negroes ought to protest and conduct themselves only in a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant manner is nonsense, and beyond the ability of many Negroes—thanks to a rich history of slavery, segregation, and discrimination. . . .

IRA E. HARRISON,
Ohio Church Planning.

Dayton, O.

Shock Art

KATHARINE KUH'S ARTICLE on "shock art" [*SR*, May 29] was excellent. Such pithy criticism of the oversized adolescent work that masquerades as today's fine art was long overdue. Mrs. Kuh and *SR* have taken an important step in the direction of shocking the visually lethargic public.

CAROLYN G. CARROLL.

Providence, R.I.

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Flight Plan

THOSE DAUNTLESS optimists who keep on looking for that *rara avis* of American films, an original, will draw new courage from *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines.* Jack Davies, a film writer and film critic, had been assigned by the RAF to prepare a history of British aviation. From his researches came the notion that the subject might make a superb basis for a picture and, as is a writer's wont, he stored it away for future reference. A good many years later, he hauled it out again, but with the purpose of transforming it from a straight and serious document into an affectionate, nostalgic bit of memorabilia. Davies had worked in the meantime with Ken Annakin, known chiefly in this country as the director of several of Disney's adventure films and of the Allied sequences in Darryl Zanuck's *The Longest Day.* In England, however, Annakin had turned out a number of popular comedies, several of them scripted by Davies. He responded with delight to Davies's idea, and the two took off several months to prepare a screenplay. J. Arthur Rank expressed keen interest in their completed script, but regretted that the film would obviously be far too costly for modest British budgets. No such qualms were felt by 20th Century-Fox. Elmo Williams, Zanuck's right hand in Europe, was so fired by its possibilities that he wanted to produce it himself; but since his own schedule was too full, he turned the reins over to another American with considerable European production experience, Stan Margulies. Annakin came with the script as director, Davies as associate producer.

What, under the circumstances, was there left for a producer to do? Margulies, back in Hollywood after more than a year in England, was quite explicit. "Plenty," he said. A former writer, he spent the first four months of his sojourn reworking the script with Annakin and Davies, producing two more complete drafts. "It was mainly a job of paring," he recalls. "Davies had lived with this material so long and has such a marvelous imagination that we could have shot a picture that would run seven hours. So we had to sift through, eliminating not only those scenes that weren't funny enough but—what is absolutely heart-breaking—those that were terribly funny but didn't advance our story line." He cited as an example a sequence designed to introduce Terry-Thomas, the villain of the piece. "There was this marvelous scene," he said, "in which Terry plays tennis with a very staid, proper vicar—a Miles Malleson type—and cheats him at every turn. Can you picture a better way to establish him as a cad and bounder? Unfortunately, it took too long. The scene had to go."

Once the script was to his liking, however, his troubles had hardly begun. No fewer than twenty-five airplanes, vintage 1910, had to be constructed, strictly following the original specifications—six of them able to fly, seven of them practical on the ground (and for the six "flyers," three copies of each in the event of crackups or other malfunctions). Among the planes were: a Curtiss Boxkite, an English Antoinette monoplane, Italy's Bleriot, the Bardley-Billings biplane, the Avro triplane, and a *sportif,* ring-shaped creation from France, the Demoiselle. The motors in most of them, Margulies explained, were Volkswagen engines, but necessarily of the same horsepower as the original models. Anything stronger would have torn apart the flimsy structures of wood, canvas, baling wire, and glue. "But what this meant," Margulies continued, "was that the Ministry of Aviation absolutely forbade us to fly over any populated areas. And if you know England, you know that there are precious few unpopulated areas anywhere in that tight little island."

PERSISTENT search turned up an abandoned RAF field in High Wycombe, about fifty miles from London on the road to Oxford. Here most of the flying sequences were photographed—including the final touchdown at Longchamps, the famed racetrack outside Paris. (The French authorities were even more adamant than the British against having 1910 planes flying over 1965 cities, hence one of the few model shots in the picture is that in which the victorious aviators buzz the Eiffel Tower.) Special dispensation was granted for the takeoff from Dover, since the planes headed right out into the Channel from the airstrip. Happily for the production, neither Dover nor its White Cliffs had changed much since 1910 but, in one shot, they had to drag a boat up onto the beach to blot out a block of modern apartments.

Problems of other kinds beset the production, during the entire twenty-one weeks of shooting, England's weather was rarely good. Fogs and mists, early and late, confined principal photography to a few hours a day. (But when, in desperation, Margulies sent the planes up anyway, the result was some of the most hauntingly beautiful footage in the picture—the slim, graceful silhouettes of these fragile craft against gray, sun-flecked cloud formations.) The planes themselves presented another sort of problem. Although there was only one major crackup, each plane was at one time or another out of action due to minor damages. Since the only source of new parts was by cannibalizing the stand-ins, production schedules had to be altered frequently.

All of this is the sort of thing that is never apparent from the screen. On the other hand, highly visible are the effects of two Margulies decisions—the selection of Osbert Lancaster as costume designer, and of Ronald Searle for the animated titles and advertising art (see cover). Lancaster, whose designs for the Royal Ballet and whose book illustrations have long been prized by connoisseurs, brings grace, humor, and a rigorous authenticity to the film, be it a closeup of the principals or a vast panorama of hundreds attending the takeoff of the first London-to-Paris flight. "He was a tyrant," Margulies recalls. "He was present at every costume fitting, insisting that every detail be correct." The effort paid off, for there is nothing more diverting than to see the elegantly, extravagantly, absurdly clad Robert Morley draw up to the hangars in his 1910 Silver Cloud Rolls Royce, his daughter (Sarah Miles) a puff of hyacinth beside him. And the picture is filled with such moments. As to Searle, who filled six notebooks with his sketches of the stars and their outlandish flying contraptions, one wishes—for once—that the entire picture might have been constructed from his wry and witty transmogrifications of the real thing.

As to the picture itself, Margulies stoutly maintains that he made it solely to entertain. "Its only message," he says, "is don't go up in a 1910 airplane." I must confess that if this is true I am not at all certain that he is successful in his aim. The planes are so charming, so individual, so different from today's mass-produced jet airliners that the temptation to pilot a little Demoiselle of my own is almost overwhelming. Certainly, without wishing to denigrate an international cast that includes Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Alberto Sordi, Gert Frobe, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and a guest appearance by Red Skelton, the real stars of *Those Magnificent Men* are their flying machines. Quirky and incredible as Searle's sketches might suggest, nevertheless they were real, practical. They flew in 1910—although not, perhaps, from London to Paris. But because they flew in 1910, McDivitt and White conquered outer space in 1965. And if this is too lofty a thought to bring to a disarmingly jolly movie, just try to consider how primitive their spacecraft will appear some fifty-five years from now.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Dog Days at Cannes

By HOLLIS ALPERT

CANNES.

THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL, sponsored jointly by the French government and the community of this elegant resort town—and therefore compounded confusingly of official and promotional aspects—managed during its recent 1965 manifestation to show one superlative motion picture, a few good ones, and an astonishing number that ranged from the mediocre to the laughable. Highlighted more than ever this year was the problem of obtaining films of excellence, so that the journeys of dignitaries and people of the film world would appear to mean more than the mere seeking of sun, fun, and good French food in handsome surroundings.

But if the discovery and hailing of quality was the goal of the hundreds who flocked to Cannes this year, then most must have left disappointed. Some said that disaster had overtaken the festival, others that it had been conquered by the forces of rampant commercialism. Neither of these charges was true to much of a degree. The festival was simply showing the attrition resulting from the hardening reluctance of many individual film-makers and of studio heads to pre-exhibit films in the dangerous atmosphere of a festival such as the one at Cannes. For it has now become a matter of premiering a motion picture at a festival only if one has something to gain thereby, or at least nothing to lose.

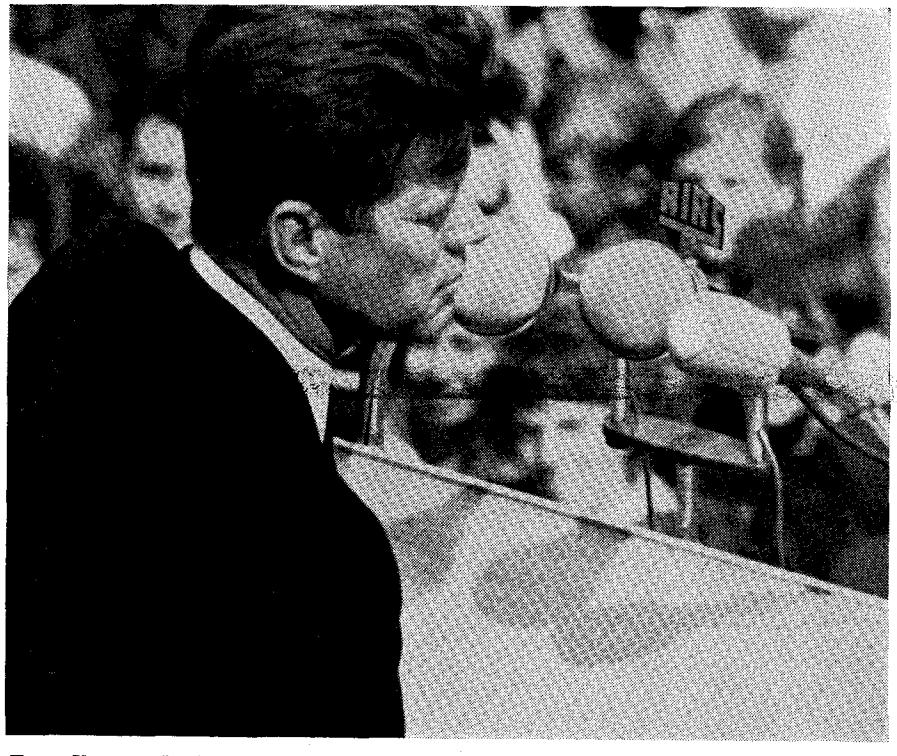
Thus the Japanese picked the appropriate time and place to show their extraordinary film record of the 1964 Olympic Games. Usually this sort of film would have little chance for commercial success; the word "documentary" applied to it would have blighted its future. But in the atmosphere at Cannes it shone like a jewel, and even though entered out of competition (documentaries aren't eligible for the main prize) there was no doubt in anyone's mind that the two-and-a-quarter-hour film represented the best camera work, the best editing, the best use of color, and the most inspired use of film of anything viewed. And, since it was so evidently impressive to the large audience in the Palais du Festival, distributors from various countries immediately began to enter their bids.

As a result, it can be assumed that many more people will have the opportunity to see this stirring film, simply because Cannes had cleared the way for wide distribution. Kon Ichikawa, a prominent Japanese director, was responsible for the over-all handling of the immense amount of film material gathered from the coverage by 104 cameras of the Olympic events. And, by the way, with so much in the way of riches to pick from, each country may see a slightly different version. At Cannes, according to report, about a half hour's worth of American victory performances had to be edited out in order to provide a more balanced international flavor. Presumably, for American audiences, this material will be put back in.

BUT IT was not the individual and national victories that stirred one as much as the remarkable human glimpses caught by the cameras. In slow motion one saw a young woman's expression of ineffable peace as she crossed the line a winner, something spectators at the games could not possibly have witnessed. The Ethiopian winner of the marathon was viewed in his rhythmic majesty as he ran his competitors into the ground. A woman's volleyball match between Japan and Russia was an explosive contest of speed and endurance. Virtually all techniques, in and out of the laboratory, were employed with great art in making this landmark motion picture.

Impressive, too, was our own noncompetitive entry, *Years of Lightning, Day of Drums*, the feature-length documentary on Kennedy produced by the United States Information Agency. Prevented by Congressional dictate from being shown in America, the documentary began its valuable work abroad when it was premiered at Cannes. The audience was pleasantly surprised by the film's technical quality, impressed—perhaps to a sentimental degree—by the vivid record of the late President's personality, and slightly bothered by what appeared to be a modicum of propaganda injected for consumption abroad. Last year's foreign policy objective appears to be this year's cold potato, particularly when presented to non-American if not anti-American audiences. The Cannes audience was immediately suspicious of any statement, even when spoken by Kennedy, aimed at defining and widening the split between nations and ideologies. And it was apparent, too, that Kennedy policies and Johnson policies are not quite the same. The Olympic film of the Japanese made for much better propaganda, in a way, since none seemed intended. Both films demonstrated, however, that teams of photographers, supplied with the necessary equipment and funds, and the directing talent, can make films of incalculable historical value.

Less obvious was the value of the majority of feature films shown at the festival that were designed as art or entertainment, or combinations thereof. The grand-prize winner was the British



From *Years of Lightning, Day of Drums*—an audience surprised, impressed, bothered.

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The Knack, directed by Richard Lester of *A Hard Day's Night* fame. He showed at once that he did not need the Beatles if he had Rita Tushingham, seen as a girl in London seeking shelter at the YWCA and falling instead into the clutches of some wacky Bohemian young men, one of whom is a veteran seducer. There wasn't much story (the play on which it was based didn't have much, either) and it required directorial improvisation—or what seemed to be improvisation. This was provided plentifully by Lester, and the film won the prize almost by default, since there wasn't anything better.

Unless it was *The Ipcress File*, a British thriller very handsomely produced by Harry Saltzman (who produces the Bond films) and directed by Sidney Furie, who seemed to have in mind an anthology of directorial effects much beloved by young, pretentiously serious French directors. However, Furie was kidding and, by the way, these effects, when employed in the suspense genre, do seem appropriate. For some reason, not too many at Cannes seemed to realize that these stories, including those directed by Hitchcock, are a form of humor, and not only were the innumerable slyly macabre jokes missed, but there was the usual complaint that it was not "a festival film." What it was, really, was the most stylish film shown at the festival.

BUT it is difficult separating illusion from reality at Cannes. There is the illusion (which eventually becomes disillusion after sixteen days of showings) that the festival will demonstrate the increasing artistry of the film form. When what is demonstrated instead is the continuing difficulty of making anything better than the second or third rate, this is immediately taken to mean that the artistic center is now shifting to Venice or Berlin, where, it is rumored, there are going to be the "really good" films. Another illusion is that the gift of film-making jumps or leapfrogs from one country to another. For a while it was the French who were making the advances, then the Italians, and then the Poles. But when none of these countries came up with anything special, Czechoslovakia was suddenly nominated as the place where the film art was achieving a renaissance. The examples shown failed to bear out this theory, although one titled in English *The Shop on Main Street* impressed some of the journalists who had become desperate in their search for the "really good." It was not very good, it was not very interesting, and the story had to do with that most favored of east-of-the-Iron Curtain story subjects, the effects of the German war on the populaces. This latest wrinkle had a simple Czech taking over the button shop of a sweet, elderly Jewish lady, and the assembled critics and journalists felt it gave a new slant on a story that has been documented to the *n*th degree fictionally, journalistically, and officially. Presumably many of those at Cannes don't read, but only look at films. And, if this sounds unnecessarily captious, it is not meant to be so. For there is the real problem presented by the dedicated, diehard film enthusiast, in that he all too often substitutes the viewing experience for the more literary one. He tends to regard film as the be-all and end-all, and in doing so runs the risk of uncultivating himself. This accounts for the strange assortment of critical standards met at Cannes.

If there was any leapfrogging of film talent discernible this year, then the frog must be said to have landed in England—although again this was something most were loathe to admit. The best films at the festival had English origins, and this was objectively demonstrated by the prize-winning *The Knack*, *The Ipcress File*, *The Hill* (the official British entry) and even by *The Collector*, invited as an American entry, but made from an English novel, and with English actors. *The*

Hill featured Sean Connery and several other excellent male British actors in a grim and remorseless story about a group of soldiers being punished in a disciplinary camp in the African desert during World War II. Part of their discipline is to climb over and over again a huge sand pile in blistering heat; one of the men dies from exhaustion finally, and the resulting discord reveals a festering nest of sadism, cowardice, and neglect hiding under the barrel of military necessity. Sidney Lumet (American) directed the film with power for the most part, but he evidently felt it necessary to stress with speeches what the film was proving very well without them, and this resulted in eventually wearying didacticism. The *Izvestia* correspondent was heard in conversation to admire the British courage in showing a movie that revealed their own weaknesses, but he said he thought it otherwise without any merit. Two Russian exercises in boredom revealed that Russian films are neither very good or very courageous, at least when shown at festivals.

The former king of the festival circuit, Italy, had only one movie to show this year—internal bickering barred two others—and this was the very well-photographed *Moment of Truth*, an account of a bullfighter's life directed by Francesco Rosi, and utilizing as actor the great matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin. The film is notable for its truthful showing of the bloody ritual of the arena, and less so for its standard story of rise and fall. Rosi should probably have received the special award for direction, but it went instead to the Rumanian Liviu Ciulei for *Forest of Hanged Men*. The award seemed made less for artistic than for political reasons. And here, too, is another of the illusions of Cannes—that films placed in competition can cause political repercussions if they should win or lose out at prize-giving time. Better, sometimes, not to have a film in entry at all, as was decided by the festival head when offered a perfectly dreadful film (according to rumor) by Red China. If the film had not gained a prize of some kind, then the entire nation would have been offended! This same sort of nonsense did not apply when it came to allowing an Australian entry, *Clay*, which was indeed perfectly dreadful. Doubtless some other sort of nonsense was involved. Two shorts from Red China were, however, allowed in, and seemed made as sweet, soothing, moralistic syrup for the masses. No film renaissance in prospect there, nor in Australia, either. Count Brazil, Argentina, and Spain out for the time being—they had begun to look good at previous festivals. And France appears to be in the doldrums, too.

In what is known as the Critic's Section, to which are invited first- or second-directed features by newcomers, there was also little promise of things to come. Mary Ellen Bute's feature-length version of *Finnegans Wake* (American) was shown there and made most wonder why on earth she had bothered. *The Glass Cage*, a French-Israeli co-production, dealt moodily with the effects on some young people of the Eichmann trial, but its conclusions were lost in an attempt to imitate the style of *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*. An all-Israel film called *A Hole in the Moon* was patently influenced by *Hallalujah*, *The Hills*, and suffered greatly thereby. Here some young talents were given the opportunity to do something original and instead settled for boring, derivative absurdity. Their problem was that they had gone to too many festivals.

No doubt about it—this year at Cannes was not very good. The United States didn't help, when certain august executives of major film companies refused to allow films asked for to be entered, and it may be assumed this was the case elsewhere. A festival eventually must take what it can get. Luckily, this year, it was able to get Japan's *Olympiad*. And was a special award created to honor this spectacular achievement suitably? Not at all.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Official Business in Rome

OF THE three novels Elizabeth Spencer wrote about her native South, I have read only the third, *A Voice at the Back Door*, which I liked. Her next book, *The Light in the Piazza*, laid in Italy, was different but in its own way perhaps better, and her new novel, *Knights and Dragons* (McGraw-Hill, $3.95), which also has an Italian setting, represents a further development. Miss Spencer has adopted the Jamesian theme of Americans in Europe; but it must be understood that these are modern Americans, Americans of the two decades since the end of World War II: all of them are in Europe on some sort of official American business. Henry James, whose Americans came to Europe with large fortunes or, sometimes, barely adequate savings, would have been fascinated by this new type of traveler.

James's Americans soon encountered Europeans of one sort or another, and, as a rule, it was in that confrontation that he found his drama. Miss Spencer's cast of characters, on the other hand, contains not a single Italian. The setting is Italy, which she knows and obviously loves, and her affectionate descriptions of Venice and Rome add to the effectiveness of the novel, but the fact remains that the action might have taken place in New York City or in Tokyo.

The central character is Martha Ingram, who works in a United States cultural office and who is perfectly at home in Rome. Much as she loves Italy, however, she is there because she is in flight from her divorced husband, Gordon Ingram—"thinker, teacher, scholar, writer, financial expert, and heaven knew what else." A man, so we gather, of great intellectual power, with a large and devoted following, he still has a strong hold on Martha's mind, though she has found, after ten years of married life, that she cannot be intimately associated with him. If she goes about her work with great competence and apparent calm, she is in fact confused and unhappy.

In the line of duty Martha goes to Genoa to meet several Americans who are coming to Italy on one mission or another. One of them, a Mr. Coggins, is an authority on opera, and George Hartwell, Martha's superior, comments on the absurdity of sending any American to Italy to talk about that particular subject. Mr. and Mrs. Coggins turn out to be ridiculous in appearance and manner, and their daughter Jean is a kind of up-to-date, farcical Daisy Miller. They play no important part in Martha's story, but they remain in the background as a kind of comic relief. (Actually, Mr. Coggins becomes a great success in Italy.)

Another of the new arrivals is Jim Wilbourne, an economist, and he plays a large part in Martha's life. At first she finds him unattractive, but soon her interest is roused, though she cannot quite make out why. Meanwhile there are constant reminders of her former husband. After a time, to her surprise and to the reader's, she becomes Jim's mistress. Although the progress of the affair is described mostly by way of a series of backward glances, one gets a sense of its intensity.

George Hartwell, who strongly admires Martha and is half in love with her, finds Jim quite unsuitable, and after the affair is over, she tries to explain to George how it all happened. "I know he was the only one who could deal with Gordon Ingram—I do know that," she says. Again: "He only existed in relation to Gordon." And again: "But I love them both. Haven't you understood that was the reason for it all?"

25 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Knights and Dragons," by Elizabeth Spencer
26 Letters to the Book Review Editor
27 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey
29 An Introduction to Strategy, by André Beaufre; Nuclear War, by Neville Brown; On Escalation, by Herman Kahn
31 The Great Purge Trial, edited with notes by Robert C. Tucker and Stephen F. Cohen
32 Mask for Treason: The Lincoln Murder Trial, by Vaughan Shelton
32 Hayes of the Twenty-third, by T. Harry Williams
33 The Tarnished Badge, by Ralph Lee Smith
34 Criminal Record
39 The Boarding-House, by William Trevor
39 Yes from No Man's Land, by Bernard Kops
40 Quadrille, by Frank Swinnerton
40 The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones, by Jesse Hill Ford
41 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books
42 Pick of the Paperbacks

It is this subtle relationship that Miss Spencer seeks to define. There is a strange scene in which Martha has a glimpse of Ingram in the post office, writing a letter. He goes away without seeing her, leaving the letter behind him. It is written to her in Italian, telling her how unworthy of her Jim Wilbourne is. I hardly know whether we are to regard this improbable occurrence as an actual event or are to suppose that it is the product of Martha's overwrought imagination. At any rate it is evidence of Gordon's hold upon her mind.

The title is enigmatic, but I presume that Gordon is the dragon and Jim the knight. However, if I interpret Miss Spencer correctly, neither one conquers the other; it is Martha who is the victor, for she achieves control over her life, though at a high cost. Miss Spencer writes at the end:

> She more and more arranged to do things alone, a curious tendency, for loneliness once had been a torment,

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whereas now she regarded almost everything her eyes fell upon with an equal sense of companionship; her compatibility was with the world. The equality of it all could of course be in some purely intellectual, non-nervous way disturbing. Things were not really equal nor were people; one explanation might be that she simply did not care very deeply about anything, the emotional target she had once plainly furnished had disappeared. Was this another name for freedom? Freedom was certainly what it felt like. She bent with complete compassion, fleshless, invisible and absent, above the rapidly vanishing mortality of Gordon Ingram, at the same time she swung happily, even giddily (there went that streak again, the necessary madness), around the Colosseum, where the fresh glittering traffic, like a flight of gulls, joyous in the sunlight, seemed to float and lilt, fearless of collision. Children's bones and women's skulls had been dug up there and conjectures could be easily formed about what sort of undemocratic accidents had overtaken these fine people, but now the old ruin stood noble and ornamental to Rome, and views of it were precious to those apartments which overlooked it. . . .

She was of those whom life had held a captive and in freeing herself she had met dissolution, and was a friend now to any landscape, a companion to cloud and sky.

The passage indicates how very well indeed Miss Spencer writes. Her style often suggests James's, but she has her own rhythms, her own way of using figures of speech, her own feeling for words.

The quotation may also suggest the subtlety with which she presents Martha Ingram. The delicate shades of emotion are those she is most interested in revealing, and she has trained herself to catch the finest distinctions. The book has an air of fragility, but, like a spider's web, it is surprisingly strong.

—Granville Hicks.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1142

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1142 will be found in the next issue.

Z YZXZYWAB CTK LNOC-XWAB

WL TDN TC AEN OZLA AEWDFL

ZDB GTHZD LPKKNDMNKL.

WKQWD L. YTRR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1141

It usually takes more than three weeks to prepare a good impromptu speech. —Mark Twain.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

After Appomattox

One of the most incredible pieces of hypocrisy I have ever read appears in William Catton's review of *Lincoln's Scapegoat General* [*SR*, May 15]. Mr. Catton says that "the price of reunion in the generation after Appomattox was almost total Northern acquiescence in the Southern view of race. . . ." May I remind Mr. Catton that the North not only beat the South, it beat the hell out of it. Pray, how did the moribund South enforce its racial views on the great emancipators in the Holy North? The North freed the slaves. Cheers! What did it free them *for*? There is a lasting monument to the disparity between Northern words and Northern deeds in your own fair city. . . . It is called Harlem.

Howard Welsh.

Meridian, Miss.

Indictment of the Defense

That historians find it necessary to defend the Abolitionists is a shocking indictment of the North, who fought the Civil War for the very reasons the Abolitionists so eloquently set forth. While few, if any, wish that the South had won, leaving slavery entrenched in perpetuity, more than a few feel called upon to apologize not to the Negro, whose condition of servitude we condoned for so long, but to the South because we fought to end that servitude. How anything short of war could have brought about emancipation they do not say.

Judging from his half-hearted defense of the defenders of the Abolitionists and his evident enthusiasm for those—in the North presumably—who hated and feared them because they threatened the Mammon security, Harry Hansen [in his review of *The Antislavery Vanguard*, *SR*, May 22] belongs among these apologists. I hope the historians mentioned in his review will answer him.

Margaret Lee Southard.

Hingham, Mass.

Manuscripts and Subscripts

In reading Granville Hicks's fine piece on *Traditions, Lives, and Legends* (*SR*, May 22) I was brought to the conscious realization that here was a writer writing about writers writing about writers; or, what I was reading was writing about writing about writing. To make matters worse, what I am doing now is writing about writing about writing about writing. You see the problem?

Last night, instead of counting sheep I saw in my mind's eye a line of writers of gradually diminishing size, each armed with paper and pencil and furiously scribbling, apparently about the man in front of him. I kept losing count, and, at this point, I began to grope for a way of identifying these various levels of literary effort. This is, after all, an age of symbols, numbers, digits, and integers; by applying the scientific method, I was able to arrive at a tentative solution, which I submit herewith for the edification of the literary community.

My first intent was to apply superscript numbers to an arbitrarily chosen term symbolizing the authors' product—calling it "Writing." Thus, for the initial effort we would have Writing^1, for the article on the first article, Writing^2, and so on. The problem here is that the superscript number can be mistaken for a mathematical exponent, and that means an increase or multiplication of the quantity by itself. This would be a bit much, I felt, since the reviewer or commentor so often diminishes the original work. So, I settled on subscript as the solution. Now we can identify the initial work as Writing$_1$, the book about Writing$_1$ as Writing $_2$, the review of Writing$_2$ as Writing$_3$, and so on *ad infinitum*. My letter, then, would be Writing$_4$, and the work of some conservative who replied to it, Writing$_5$. To carry it further, the graduate student who was astute enough to pick the whole concept as his thesis would have it classed as Writing$_6$. (The professor's analysis, of course, Writing$_7$). . . . I would certainly welcome comment and discussion on this concept.

Edward F. McCartan,
Editor and Writer$_4$.

Washington, D.C.

100-Per-Cent Russian Rockets

Emile Capouya in "The Language of Democracy" [*SR*, May 8] perpetuates the myth that the Russians captured Germans "who are making their rockets." Their Germans worked on minor side problems in segregated laboratories and did not take part in the Russian space project. After their work contract expired in 1956 all of them were sent out of the USSR, free to go where they wished. Some of them are here now. Not a single German technician remained in the USSR.

The myth that the Germans built Sputnik is inspired by those who cannot face the truth that Russian technicians are as capable or perhaps more capable than our own scientists, including "our" Germans. . . .

S. A. Goudsmit.

Bayport, N.Y.

Living up to the Renaissance

I was very pleased to read "The Crisis in Creativity." by Emile Capouya [*SR*, April 17]. I have long been vexed with the question: is contemporary art, whether it be literature or painting, on a level of excellence with that of the Renaissance? It seems that it is not and the author does a great job in explicating this idea. Perhaps the most convincing evidence that contemporary art is lacking in quality is that our society detests its own art. . . .

Robert R. McElman.

South Windham, Maine.

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Challenge of the Sixties

NOT OFTEN does one go to Washington, attend a convention, and come away feeling good: Washington is hardly an optimistic place these days. Yet the Congress of the International Publishers Association, meeting for the first time in the United States, afforded cause for optimism. Out of it came the sense that books are succeeding, on a global basis, in showing the way to a single, universal common market. To date, forty-six nations have signed the UNESCO "free flow of books" agreement to eliminate import duties and other artificial restrictions on this commodity, and hence on ideas themselves. Alas, the United States is not yet one of the signatories. Perhaps it was the presence in Washington of publishers from twenty-eight foreign countries, most of which do recognize the Agreement, that prompted President Johnson's last-minute message to Congress asking U.S. ratification.

As the host country, we were more than a little on the defensive. It was not only our boycott on the UNESCO Agreement; we have yet to sign the Berne Copyright Convention. (We do adhere to the Universal Copyright Convention, which doesn't give quite the same protection to foreign authors.) Through our much-criticized "manufacturing clause," we effectively discriminate against the importation of books in English printed abroad. In dollar volume, we export three and a half times as much as we buy, and, possibly as a penance for this favorable balance of trade, we give where we cannot sell—some 15 million books were distributed by various agencies of our government in 1964. Foreign publishers are not unmindful of the fact that when a book is donated by us it will not be bought from them. Much as they admire our charity, they are rather inclined to deplore our generosity.

Perhaps for these reasons American publishers were determined to prove that they were not as lacking in good will as it might seem. The hospitality was impressive. Officially, the State Department sent its best shock troops into action, leading off with Harlan Cleveland and Archibald MacLeish on the opening day, throwing McGeorge Bundy into the breach at midweek, and concluding with Dean Rusk, who gave a reception for the delegates at the end of the Congress. The U.S. Marine Corps Band fittingly lent a martial flourish to the opening session—a musical counterpoint, as it turned out, to MacLeish's somewhat less than pro-administration speech dealing with the price we are paying in world opinion for our military commitments abroad. During their free hours the delegates were bused out to a rodeo and taken up the Potomac on a steamboat.

None of this detracted from the real purpose of the Congress. Taking as their theme "Publishing in an Age of Change," the 700 delegates addressed themselves to the challenge facing the established publisher by the new, emerging nations—the opportunity not to exploit a new market so much as to help develop an indigenous publishing industry in countries where none exists, or where the resources and know-how needed to thrive are lacking.

The emerging countries were themselves represented by men from such places as Malaysia, Iran, Ghana, Pakistan, and Nigeria. Delegates from this last nation emerged, indeed, with considerable éclat, swathed in tribal robes and turbans. (Public facilities in Washington are integrated, but for a man with a really black skin it still helps to wear a costume, or at least a convention badge.) The challenge to educators and publishers alike is staggering, as the Congress was reminded over and over again. Two-fifths of the world's peoples are illiterate, and the rate at which they are learning to read and write is lagging behind the increase in population. The gap between rich nation and poor is widening. The unsatisfied hunger for knowledge intensifies. There are not only "more people to be taught," as John Brown of England told the Congress, "but there is ever increasingly more to teach them."

The days when the Victorian novelists Marie Corelli and Bertha M. Clay (part of the baggage of British missionaries) satisfied the literary aspirations of the educated West Africans is over. The modern African wants three kinds of books: those that can teach him something (it may be *Practical First Aid* or *Play the Game—Soccer*), those that can entertain him (Erle Stanley Gardner is a best-seller in Nigeria), and those written by his own people. All three are becoming available in inexpensive editions. A Nigerian told me that although only 10 per cent of his people are literate, it is not unusual for a book to have a printing of 30,000 copies in his country. Moreover, Huxley, Orwell, and Evelyn Waugh—decidedly not part of any missionary's baggage—share popularity with Perry Mason. At least half a dozen British publishers now maintain branches in Nigeria, in many cases translating native authors into English for sale in the United Kingdom. Worldwide, the British produce books in 110 different languages, including Bandi, Assamese, Punjabi, Amharic, and Fijian. Significant here is the fact that a majority of these books are printed outside the U.K., and in some countries are copublished, with

—*Desi Bognar-Kegl, Pix.*

Youthful reader in Yaba, Nigeria—"The unsatisfied hunger for knowledge intensifies."

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—*Wide World.*

Archibald MacLeish addresses the seventeenth International Publishers Association Congress.

varying degrees of association, with local firms. The British have not only found their former colonies a market that expands as it emerges, but a source of literary material as well—somewhat to their surprise, as a writer in a recent issue of the *Times Literary Supplement* pointed out:

> The British, both at home and abroad, do not recognize the creative writer in the same way as do the French. They are always rather surprised when he turns up, whether from the Yorkshire moors or the banks of the river Niger. The French, on the other hand, *expect* him to appear wherever French is spoken.

What is not said here is that when an ex-French colonial does appear, he is likely to be appropriated into the metropolitan culture of France; but the British are attempting to create an audience as indigenous as the work itself. American practice differs in its emphasis on supplying other country's former colonies with documentation on the American dream (frequently at no cost to the dreamer), perhaps on the theory that if it can happen here, it could also happen there.

One of the Franklin Books Program's most popular titles, in the numerous Near Eastern languages into which it has been translated, is an old juvenile by Sarah K. Bolton, *Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous*. In its various foreign editions the book is interlarded with brief biographies of local boys who also made good. In the same spirit, Dr. Spock goes to Afghanistan and *Profiles in Courage* to Kuala Lumpur. We are not only booksellers to the world, but bookgivers, and if there is an American *imperium* in the making it is that of the written word.

A British book salesman who travels widely throughout the Near East reports that a well-known encyclopedia is selling briskly to harems, where the volumes are stacked, according to thickness, for the wives to sit on during family gatherings. He suggests that the next generation will surely be reading as well as sitting on them.

But in fact this is already the case. One of Franklin's major projects is the translation of the *Columbia-Viking Desk Encyclopedia* into five languages (Persian, Arabic, Urdu, Bengali, and Indonesian). It is not expected that they will offer much comfort to harems, but their value to the common man learning to read can hardly be overestimated.

Iran is a case in point. Up to eleven years ago there were no publishers whatever in the country. Today, indigenous publishing accounts for about 700 titles a year, of which 100 are the work of Iranians. Homayoun Sanati, Franklin's man in Teheran, told me that only 5 million persons in his country (out of a population of 20 million) can read; as a result, a quarter of the national budget is now spent on education, albeit not always wisely, as he discovered.

During a visit to one of the improvised schools in the countryside conducted by Iran's "Army of Knowledge" (educated young men who are deferred from military service are sent into the provinces to teach), Sanati encountered an instructor who, wanting to show off his pupils, asked them to spell San Francisco. Without fail, they did so. Wondering at the value of such knowledge, Sanati asked one of the farmers what the word meant and was told "the name of the new governor general." On the contrary, another pupil declared, San Francisco was a dish served in Teheran. Exasperated, Sanati turned finally to the teacher. "Tell them what it means," he said. "Of course," the young man replied. "It is a new antibiotic."

Such an incident points up the problems arising when textbook knowledge is unrelated to the everyday reality of life in an emerging nation. The task in Iran, as elsewhere, is one of adaptation. American publishers are having to create not merely textbooks, but a whole new "learning system" geared to local cultural needs. (Even the French, whose primers in black Africa once began "Our ancestors were Gauls with blond hair and blue eyes," have discovered that the home country texts seldom work in the field. Today the orientation is reversed. Former French colonies ask for the books they want through the Ministry of Education, and in some cases publish their own.)

Teaching literacy is not enough. The critical need over the next decade is going to be satisfying the appetite for general books which the new literacy is creating. "People are being taught to read," William E. Spaulding of Houghton Mifflin told the Congress; "but after they have acquired the basic reading skills, they find nothing on which to practice these skills. As a result, while they have learned to read after a fashion, they never become readers."

Spaulding asked for a "minority projection" of American publishers in developing countries, with majority control vested in local firms. He would make modern printing and publishing techniques available to the host country. The Iranian example is worthy of note: with American help, a publishing industry has been created from nothing, and is giving its citizens far more than textbooks. Some 300 American books, chosen by the Iranians (rather than the USIA, for example), are currently being translated into Persian. They include works by Salinger, Steinbeck, and John F. Kennedy. "We had to create a public for books," Homayoun Sanati pointed out, "so we were inclined to create a serious public." In this respect, perhaps, the emerging countries are one up on the rest of the world.

John Brown of London, speaking for British publishers, noted that it is the traditional instinct of business to eliminate rather than consort with its weaker competitors. Yet precisely the opposite approach is needed, and in not a few cases is being pursued. With the help of Thomas Nelson and Sons and the Oxford University Press, the Ghana Universities Press has been set up in Legon; all publishing, at present being done in the U.K., will soon be transferred to Ghana, under the direction of London-trained Ghanian personnel. To broaden this trend toward "self-government" in publishing, British agencies, with assistance from publishers, bring students from the

(*Continued on page* 66)

—*Wide World.*

McGeorge Bundy speaking before the Congress on June 2.

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...ialectic of Force

...n to Strategy: With ...eference to Problems ...se, Politics, Economics, ...plomacy in the Nuclear Age, *by André Beaufre (Praeger. 138 pp. $4.95),* ***Nuclear War: The Impending Strategic Deadlock,*** *by Neville Brown (Praeger. 238 pp. $6.50), and* ***On Escalation: Metaphors and Scenarios,*** *by Herman Kahn (Praeger. 308 pp. $6.95), illuminate the immense problems introduced by the advent of nuclear weapons. William R. Kintner is professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania and deputy director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute.*

By WILLIAM R. KINTNER

THESE books, written by a Frenchman, a Britisher, and an American, offer three unique examinations of the problems of strategy in the nuclear age. The French author, General André Beaufre, recently retired to become director of the Institut Français d'Etudes Stratégiques after completing one of the most brilliant careers in the recent history of the French Army. The British author, Neville Brown, served for a while with the British Navy and was recently a research associate at the Institute for Strategic Studies in London. The present volume marks him as an eminently qualified military analyst. Herman Kahn, the director of the Hudson Institute, needs no introduction to American readers, since his book *On Thermonuclear War* made him one of the world's best-known strategic thinkers.

Although written from the perspectives of three different countries, each book treats the problems of Western defense as a whole. Each appears to be premised on the assumption that a nuclear stalemate either exists or will develop in the course of the next few years.

An Introduction to Strategy is a major tour de force. This reviewer agrees with Liddell Hart's appraisal that it is "the most comprehensive and carefully formulated treatise on strategy . . . that has appeared in this generation." Its rapier-like insights into the nature of modern conflict reflects a wide range of experience interpreted by a lucid and imaginative mind.

It is Beaufre's belief that strategy, "which was sentenced to death in 1915, will be resurrected and have its heyday again." He defines strategy as "the art of the dialectic of force or, more precisely, the art of the dialectic of two opposing wills using force to resolve their disputes." In any conflict of wills, "the decision is obtained by creating and then exploiting a situation resulting in sufficient moral disintegration of the enemy to cause him to accept the conditions it is desired to impose on him.

The author believes that there are five major patterns of strategic action: the direct threat, which is the basis of the deterrent strategy; indirect pressure, employed by an opponent whose resources are inadequate to circumvent the direct threat of one's opponent; a series of successive actions combining direct threats and indirect pressures; protracted conflict, which might be employed when freedom of action is large but resources available thin; and, finally, violent conflict aiming at military victory, the classic strategy in the Napoleonic era. Beaufre attributes this strategy primarily to Clausewitz, whose blind failure to see its limitations probably "cost Europe its world hegemony."

While this list is by no means exhaustive, it does demonstrate the errors of those who believe there can be only one form of strategy. Beaufre himself suggests other subdivisions, including what he calls a "logistic strategy"—the production of new weapons to render obsolete those of an opponent.

In the application of strategy to a given confrontation, Beaufre suggests that the fundamental issue is "struggle for freedom of action, each side trying to preserve freedom of action for itself and denying it to the enemy." In fact, the aim of all conflict, whether it assumes a violent form or not, is either to regain freedom of action if it has been lost or to deprive the enemy of it. For freedom of action, however, it is essential to gain or retain the initiative. In Beaufre's view, each conflict situation requires a unique strategic concept, based on original thought, conceived by imagination, and nourished by meditation. In this age preparation is of more consequence than execution. Strategists must be well-informed on a multitude of trends and forces and must exercise almost prophetic foresight. The advent of nuclear weapons has drastically altered the environment in which the strategist must plan, but it makes his task all the more imperative, for on his success hinges the survival of Western civilization.

Nuclear War: The Impending Strategic Deadlock is written on a different level. It is a concise and careful stocktaking of the warheads and weapons which the strategist must develop, either to deploy or to use. Each chapter explores a specific military asset (bomber forces, strategic missiles, sea-based deterrence, etc.) in the possession of either the Communist bloc nations or the Western allies. The fourth chapter, entitled "The War in the Ether," is illustrative. In precise fashion the author surveys the nature of electronic emissions and receptions and develops in detail how many applications of electronics have become an indispensable element of modern warfare. Currently, electronic devices absorb some 7½ per cent of the total spent on weapons development, and this sum is rising at a rate of 10 to 15 per cent every year.

After completing his assessments of the various functional areas that comprise the military establishment of the

—*Wide World.*

André Beaufre—"rapier-like insights into the nature of modern conflict."

Neville Brown—"concise and careful stocktaking."

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major powers, Brown turns to an examination of the defense of Western Europe, focusing on such matters as the relationship of conventional forces, tactical nuclear forces, and the over-all strategic balance. In his conclusion, the author contends that by 1968 or 1970 "both NATO and the Warsaw Pact will have lost forever any hope of establishing strategic dominance."

It is the reviewer's opinion that such categorical assertions are risky. Brown, writing in 1964, states that "China may conduct a nuclear explosion in the next two or three years, but she shows no signs of acquiring any sophisticated delivery systems." China's nuclear testing has been far more advanced than most Westerners believed possible, and her capabilities in electronics suggest that in the near future she will be able to acquire sophisticated detection systems. It is somewhat surprising to find an author who is obviously *au courant* with modern technology accepting the thesis of a technological stalemate. For this reason I question the assertion that "the great debate of the 1967-72 period may well be about the length of the warning time that can be expected and about the value of trained reserves." The author concedes, however, that the advent of ten or twenty nuclear or microbiological powers could render the strategic stalemate obsolete.

There are, of course, legitimate differences of opinion on these controversial issues. On the other hand, I share the author's belief that the world's strategic situation should become stable in the course of the next ten years, if NATO and the United Nations survive.

On Escalation: Metaphors and Scenarios is a brilliant fireworks display which, however, is far less structured and diagnostic than the other two volumes. Herman Kahn possesses one of the more imaginative and stimulating minds of the so-called war-peace community. He has contributed much to the semantics of nuclear strategy and to the exploration of the novel and disquieting problems which nuclear weapons pose for the decision-makers of the major powers. Kahn is essentially a "mind-stretcher." By forcing people to think about the unthinkable, he has provided many clues as to how the world might one day learn to exist with nuclear

One [illegible] in the table [illegible] is the potpourri [illegible] bled: "The Strike [illegible] phor"; "A 'Standard [illegible] "Rationality-of-Irrationality" [illegible] mittal Strategies"; and "The [illegible] Bizarre Crises." The list ends with [illegible] Will Escalation Be Handled in the Twenty-first Century?" This topic, upon examination, turns out to be a range of possible structures for the world order which might exist after the year 2000. Kahn himself provides an appropriate comment about his forecast: "almost any item on this list of possibilities will seem so implausible to some that they may wonder why I included it."

THERE is, between "chicken" metaphors and the twenty-first century, some very good meat in the sandwich. I was particularly impressed by Chapter VI on the nuclear threshold. In this chapter, Kahn surveys the pros and cons of many aspects of the question whether the United States should escalate by introducing nuclear weapons into a conflict situation. While suggesting that any nation that "denies itself access to a whole spectrum of violence by adhering to restrained war conventions which may at any time be breached by a ruthless aggressor does, in fact, run a serious risk of defeat," he believes that the longer nuclear weapons are not employed the greater will be the psychological pressure against ever employing them.

The title of Chapter IX, "Military and Civilian Central Wars," appears incongruous. Kahn seeks here to differentiate between counterforce wars, conducted against primarily military targets, and countervalue wars, conducted against urban centers. Wars are initiated and controlled by civilians and conducted by the military, and all wars, by definition, are military in character. In this case, the author's semantic exuberance seems to have gotten the best of him.

Each author has made a uniquely valuable contribution to public understanding of the immense problems introduced by the advent of nuclear weapons. Perhaps the best way of appreciating this kind of contribution is to quote Beaufré's evaluation of the Cuban missile crisis: "This was the first passage of arms in the potential war of nuclear deterrence; it was conducted on both sides accurately, realistically and coolly, and ended in success for the Americans." This outcome was made possible because the statesmen of the world had been able to ponder the theoretical implications of nuclear conflict. The pioneer studies of Beaufré, Brown, and Kahn will serve to further illuminate these potentially catastrophic problems.

"Now?"

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Terror Sat in Judgment

The Great Purge Trial, *edited with notes by Robert C. Tucker and Stephen F. Cohen (Grosset & Dunlap. 725 pp. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95), contains a transcript of the last of the three "show trials" of the 1930s during the apogee of Stalinist terror. George Feifer, who studied law at Moscow State University in 1962, is the author of the recently published "Justice in Moscow."*

By GEORGE FEIFER

NOTHING conveys the nature of Stalin's terror more graphically than the Moscow purge trials of the late 1930s. They were not simply a perversion of legality, although in this sense alone they represented an ultimate evil, the quintessence of injustice dispensed by courts. But the purge trials were more: they were a symbol of inhumanity in a society seized by a nightmare. They added a new scale and a new dimension to political terror.

Here is the transcript of the last of the three great show trials, a record, as the dustjacket states, of a crucial moment in Soviet history. Twenty-one defendants--the anti-Soviet "Bloc of Rights and Trotskyites"—were tried before the Military Collegium of the USSR Supreme Court in early March of 1938. Eighteen were shot, including Bukharin, once the Party's most brilliant theoretician and Chairman of the Comintern; Rykov, Lenin's successor as Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, and Yagoda, People's Commissar of the NKVD during the early stages of the purge.

It might have been assumed that the two trials preceding this one—the "Trial of the Sixteen" in 1936 and the "Trial of the Seventeen" in 1937—attained the limits of absurdity and judicial barbarism. But, in Deutcher's words, they "looked almost like essays in moderate realism compared with the new phantasmogoria." The twenty-one defendants were charged with the most heinous acts of treason and monstrous crimes against the Soviet people and humanity. They were agents of the Gestapo, plotters to murder Lenin and Stalin, poisoners of Maxim Gorky, conspirators to dismember Russia from the very day Bolshevik rule was established and even before; they stopped at nothing in executing Trotsky's orders to overthrow the Soviet regime and re-establish capitalism.

Procurator-General Vyshinsky (who later, as Foreign Minister, was to represent the Soviet Union at the United Nations) ended the prosecution's summation in a frenzy: "The whole country, from young to old, is awaiting and demanding one thing: the traitors and spies who were selling our country to the enemy must be shot like dirty dogs."

The defendants agreed, of course. Kryuchkov: "Citizens Judges, there are no human words which I could say in extenuation of my treacherous crimes." Kazakov: "Citizens Judges, I stand before you as the worst of criminals . . ." Levin: "Citizens Judges! In my last plea I want to reaffirm my guilt once more." Grinko: "In order that the path by which I arrived at committing the enormous chain of crimes against Soviet power and the country, at treason to the country, may be clear, I must recall that . . ."

The spectacle of these broken men begging to be shot for crimes only madmen and torturers could have imagined they committed is revolting almost to the point of sensuousness. The trial was a macabre tragedy, not Greek but Kafkaesque. It has inspired volumes—indeed virtually libraries—of Western political commentary, as well as several distinguished literary works. Rubashov of Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, for example, bears a strong resemblance to Bukharin.

And that is what puzzles one about the appearance of this book. The text is a photocopy, with minor abridgements, of the verbatim transcript of the trial, which has long been available for study, although in less convenient form. What prompted republication of the record now? We are told that Tucker's introduction interprets the trial in its historical setting and in light of "significant new data made public since Stalin's death"; and his speculation about what forced Bukharin, the only defendant who refused to repeat slavishly Vyshinsky's diatribes, to confess is interesting. Tucker feels that Bukharin agreed to appear at a show trial (those who did not were summarily shot) because it offered a last platform to appeal to the world. Bukharin's testimony, suggests the author, constitutes a trial within a trial: in a brilliant display of Aesopian language he indicts, tries, and convicts Stalin and his terror. But this remains speculation; and there is nothing significantly new either in the introduction or in the notes appended to the text.

On the other hand, one essential thing is lacking. Much has changed in the Soviet Union since Stalin's death, and, in an introduction that seeks to put this trial in its historical perspective, one would have liked to be enlightened about the most meaningful of the changes: legal reform. There has been a torrent of debate in the Soviet legal and popular press about the causes of what is delicately called "violations of Socialist legality." Vyshinsky's theoretical legal propositions (the primacy of confession in antistate crimes, for example, and the shifting of the burden of proof to the accused) have for years been singled out as intolerable. This year, Soviet jurists began criticizing Vyshinsky's "practical" legal activity as well as his theories. In language considerably less Aesopian than Bukharin's, they are attacking, at last, the practices of fabricating evidence, forcing confessions, tampering with legal procedure, and other abuses precisely of the show trials.

We can never learn enough about the purges, of course; but we are already more aware of their atmosphere than of that of the reform period which followed Stalin's death. This is a question of perspective. The American scholarly community lagged behind, I think, in recognizing the horrors of the era. Now, still fascinated by them, it lags behind in recognizing subsequent change.

Tucker writes that political show trials are "one of the telltale symptoms of that still imperfectly understood phenomenon of the modern age called 'totalitarianism.'" Today the phenomenon is still less understood, for in place of Soviet show trials we have Soviet jurists publicly criticizing them. *The Great Purge Trial* might have performed a service had it dealt with this complexity instead of implying that the purge trial is inherent in the nature of the Soviet system.

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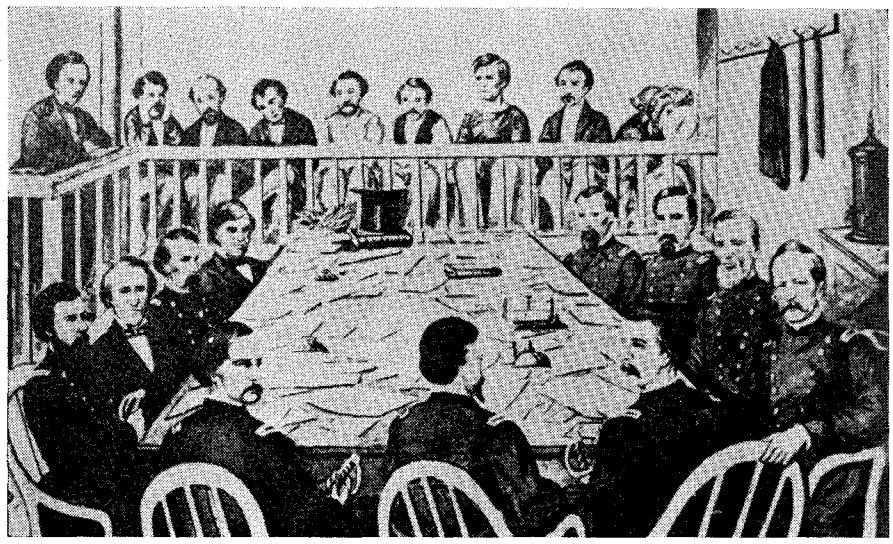
Conspiracy or Coincidence?



—Bettmann Archive.

Trial of conspirators in the Lincoln assassination—hasty and unjust?

Mask for Treason: The Lincoln Murder Trial, *by Vaughan Shelton (Stackpole. 480 pp. $14.95), charges that the Civil War President's assassination was engineered by high officials of his own administration. Herbert Mitgang is author of "Lincoln as They Saw Him" and other historical studies.*

By HERBERT MITGANG

VAUGHAN SHELTON'S *Mask for Treason* has but one visible distinction: it may be the worst book buy of 1965. A 480-page volume priced at $14.95, it indicates that publishers as well as authors can be farfetched. To the handy category called the nonbook, add the nonbuy.

The price, however, is only a minor fault compared to the contents. Shelton, a Virginia editor and advertising man, who "has been studying the Civil War for twenty-five years and especially the Lincoln assassination in the last five years," has sifted the ashes of the trial records, and, by piling conjecture on supposition, conclusion on implication, rumor on rewrite, he has made no case where none existed.

A quarter of a century ago Otto Eisenschiml's books on the assassination raised interesting questions about the participants and their motives. He wondered about the possible role played by the Lincoln-envious, but proved nothing except that the trial was hasty and, for some, unjust. Mr. Shelton and his publisher flatly assert that "Altered trial records concealed the high officials who sent Booth to kill Lincoln . . ."

To examine every piece of picked lint in this dense book would be compounding the felony. But let the author raise his own bogeymen. For example: he puts great weight on the fact that one of the eight prisoners, Louis Paine, "was the only one convicted on evidence that was not circumstantial." And from this and other details he sees a dark plot: "But the persistence of the prejudice against this young man for a full century —generations after all his fellow defendants have received either exoneration or sympathetic understanding in the history books—is a phenomenon of mass thought-conditioning that has no parallel." Mass thought-conditioning? Nobody really cares.

The villain of the book is Secretary of War Stanton. The author builds his case by examining four telegrams written by Stanton right after the assassination, italicizing certain words in them, and concluding: "These wires show a surprising difference in his attitudes to the murder of the Chief Executive and the wounding of the Secretary of State. In the first one he gives about equal attention to the two occurrences. In the second he takes three lines to say that the President is obviously dying, one and a half lines of which report that Lincoln did not see the person who shot him. Then he takes nearly six lines to say Seward will probably live." These minutiae lead the author to declare that "Stanton's statements on Lincoln could suggest a certain lack of surprise. If he felt shock at the terrible thing which had happened, he controlled himself admirably. The reality of the situation—that Lincoln's imminent death would give *him* (Stanton) virtual control of the country (since he knew Johnson to be a political cipher at that time)—was not lost upon the Secretary of War."

The author also builds bricks of straw in a half-attempt to involve Secretary of State Seward, in these fantastic words: "At this early stage we can only ask the question, and point out the implication that the attack upon Seward—even though it coincided with Lincoln's murder as to timing—may not have had any connection with the original conspiracy to assassinate the President, *a conspiracy which Secretary Seward evidently did not wish to see exposed.*"

The italics, the nice soft word "evidently," and the fuzzy reasoning are all the author's. The price is the only real surprise emerging from the book.

Amateur General: T. Harry Williams's *Hayes of the Twenty-Third: The Civil War Volunteer Officer* (Knopf, $5.95) is an accomplishment in historical biography. The author has set himself a difficult task: to portray the career of a regimental commander as an example of the contribution the volunteer officer made to the operation of armies. His subject is Rutherford B. Hayes, who entered the army as a major, advanced to colonel and brigade commander, and late in the war was named brigadier general to volunteers. To develop his theme Professor Williams has had to describe Hayes's participation in four years of action without making him seem more important than he was or swamping him with battle chronology. This task he has performed with conspicuous success.

As Williams indicates, professional soldiers—West Pointers—led armies and corps, and hence historical interest centers on them; but volunteer civilian soldiers commanded at the division, brigade, and regimental level. Like Hayes, they were innocent of military procedure; they learned by experience, by trial and error; and without the best of them "the Civil War could not have been operated." Hayes, an intelligent, resourceful, and responsible leader, offers an example of how they learned their trade.

The author recently edited *Hayes: The Diary of a President,* and his study of the Hayes diaries and letters gave him great respect for Hayes's self-effacement and high sense of duty. Hayes had a strong emotional attachment to the cause and to the men he led. Although devoted to his family, he was exhilarated by

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the "strange new life" in the army, and when he exchanged his desk for a tent he told his wife, "It is living." When he viewed his men marching in parade he had "a swelling of the heart." He judged men by what they accomplished, and this led him to look on General George Crook with special admiration.

Hayes fought at South Mountain, where he received his first wound, and was briefly involved in General Hunter's Lynchburg fiasco; but the major part of his service was in West Virginia, and the most satisfying part of his career in the Shenandoah Valley when Sheridan was trying to capture Early. Hayes's mettle was proved at the Opequon, when, on horseback, he was leading the First Brigade through underbrush, and found a slough twenty to thirty yards wide, blocking his advance. Hayes plunged boldly into the morass, and when his horse became mired he proceeded on foot or, as he said, "on all fours," and was the first man to reach the opposite side. Williams believes Hayes's quick thinking saved Crook's advance and helped to push the Confederates back to Winchester.

Like other volunteer officers Hayes learned that some of the absurdities of military discipline grew out of necessity, but he never quite became the officer who relies on rote. Yet four years of service left their mark; Williams cites one episode that Hayes took too seriously, and comments: "He reacted as a professional soldier would have reacted. R. B. Hayes, civilian, was in danger of losing his perspective." No matter what honors came to Hayes later as governor and President, a golden glow hovered over his years in the army, and he became the most loyal encampment comrade of them all. —HARRY HANSEN.

R. B. Hayes as a fledgling officer—exhilarated by the "strange new life."

The Citizen and the System

The Tarnished Badge, *by Ralph Lee Smith (Crowell. 247 pp. $4.95), collects case histories of police involvement in crime in some major U.S. cities. William M. Kunstler is a civil rights attorney and author of "The Minister and the Choir Singer."*

By WILLIAM M. KUNSTLER

THE MAJOR virtue of Ralph Lee Smith's report on what his hopeful publisher calls "police scandals that have shocked American cities" is that it is not shocking at all. The fact that there are many policemen actively engaged in everything from petty graft to thievery on the grand scale comes, I am afraid, as no surprise to most people. *The Tarnished Badge* is, in effect, a confirmation of what the majority of us were already quite prepared to believe.

Mr. Smith's book can be very briefly summarized. He has selected case histories of police involvement in crime in such localities as Denver, Buffalo, Syracuse, Indianapolis, Chicago, and suburban Westchester County. These sagas are followed by a detailed analysis of Chicago police reforms under Superintendent Orlando W. Wilson. After a rather sketchy prison interview with two convicted cops, Smith ends with a plea for better trained policemen and less public indifference to law enforcement.

The trouble with all this is that Smith's finger is pointing the wrong way. Of course low pay, limited education, and lax or inefficient administrative procedures are some of the factors that contribute to the situation. But the problem is far more fundamental than Smith lets on, and his book is, if anything, merely a stimulant to further and deeper discussion.

Policemen steal for much the same reasons that other men steal—because they need and/or desire more money than they can obtain legitimately. But, unlike civilian crooks, they bring to their illegal activities several unique attributes. Not only is their cooperation absolutely necessary to the successful operation of most of the country's rackets, but they have easy access to more direct sources of unlawful gain.

I cannot accept Smith's conclusion that a combination of better pay, more training, efficient administration, less unenforceable laws, and increased community interest will solve the problem.

It is, of course, impossible to deny that any or all of these elements would be helpful; but it seems to me that their presence alone is not enough. Until we are able to understand and delineate the role we expect our police to play in an enlightened society, we cannot really expect them to do more than keep the surface peace without too much concern over how they go about it. We rarely raise our eyebrows at the third degree, the forced confession, or the ultra-liberal use of the nightstick. The law reports are filled with the most outrageous examples of police brutality and duplicity; yet only in the rarest of cases does the general public show the slightest concern over these fundamental abuses. For every Whitmore case there are hundred of others which, unnoticed or ignored, perpetuate the chronic injustices of our system.

Therefore it is not at all strange that our policemen, themselves brutalized by the function they believe (with considerable justification) that the public has assigned to them, turn to crime. If they are to do the community's dirty work, then they expect to reap all of its available rewards. Surely a society that looks away while a criminal suspect is beaten, frightened, or cajoled into confessing to a crime he did not commit cannot complain if the man wielding the rubber hose picks up some loose change for not noticing the bookie joint two blocks away from the stationhouse. Enlightened self-interest can—and often does take many forms.

Feeling as I do, I cannot subscribe to Margaret Mead's pet theory that the public at large sees the police "as the natural enemies of law-abiding citizens and lawbreakers alike." On the contrary, law-enforcement agencies are regarded as the bulwarks of the status quo. The system will endure so long as it can check or neutralize those who reflect its strains and stresses. We will remain generally indifferent to police corruption and crime until the cop on the beat shows signs of believing that he is there not to preserve an ordered society but to create a just one.

This all may sound absurdly idealistic and, short of the millennium, impossible of attainment. But however remote its chance of live birth, it is at least a realistic approach to the disturbing issue so dramatically raised by Mr. Smith.

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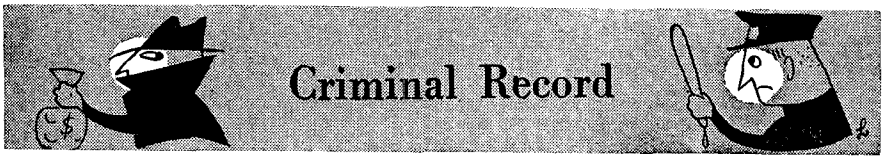

The Drood Case. *By Felix Aylmer. Barnes & Noble.* $7. Dickens's great truncated mystery is here re-examined by a British authority whose first explorations of the puzzle were conducted in 1924. Aylmer's shrewd analysis is "on all crucial issues, based on evidence to be found in the author's autograph."

Lord Justice: The Life and Times of Lord Birkett of Ulverston. *By H. Montgomery Hyde. Random House.* $7.95. VIP's and nobodies in all walks of life (a prime minister, an ex-king's consort) were among his clients in both civil and criminal cases, his income exceeded £250,000 at its top, and his life-span (1883-1962) covered a great era. An authoritative and fascinating biography.

Maigret Cinq. *By Georges Simenon. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $5.95. Fistful of full-length exploits of French Sûreté ace compose this distinguished package. Original publication period covered is 1951-1958.

The Hiding-Place. *By Carlton Keith. Crime Club.* $3.50. Ancient New Jersey farmstead is center of furious goings-on when likable engineer inherits; echoes of American Revolution blend with present-day rough stuff, and it's all deadly and jolly; love finds a way.

The Diamond Bubble. *By Robert L. Fish. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Capt. José Da Silva of Brazilian Interpol and Wilson of American Embassy at Rio lock arms again to frustrate villainy; agreeable U.S. Senator in cast; not up to author's previous.

He Who Hesitates. *By Ed McBain. Delacorte.* $3.50. 87th Precinct personnel supply little action or dialogue to this latest of 87th Precinct murder yarns, wherein reader is present at crime. Story is grindingly slow-motion. May the author return to the old formula: one of the few authentic police-in-action series left in this virtuous world.

A Souvenir from Qam. *By Marc Connelly. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $4.50. A great playwright's entry into the romance-mystery-suspense field is not successful. The action, such as it is, takes place in New England, New York, Washington, Rome, and Suruk, a Middle Eastern oil-lake whose capital is Qam (pronounced Gam).

The Ten Faces of Cornell Woolrich. *With a foreword by Ellery Queen. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. With this present cluster of novelettes and short stories, the output of this author so far assembled rises to astronomical proportions without abatement of enjoyment.

13 Ways to Kill a Man. *An anthology compiled and edited by Basil Davenport. Dodd, Mead.* $4. The units in this baker's dozen of fictional homicides are preceded and, in most cases, followed by instances and observations which are often more entertaining than the stories themselves. There is also an admirable introduction. Strangulation, suffocation, incineration, starvation, and so on—take your choice.

The Taste of Proof. *By Bill Knox. Crime Club.* $3.50. Whisky (no *e*, because this is Scotch) is the axis around which the exciting plot revolves in this latest problem handed to Chief Detective Inspector Colin Thane and Detective Inspector Phil Moss of Glasgow's Millside Division C.I.D. There's murder, of course. Sound and sure.

The James Bond Dossier. *By Kingsley Amis. New American Library.* $3.95. The James Bond cult is already off to the races, and Mr. Amis's admiring, analytical, and informative manual is simply documentary certification of that fact. The cultists will increase and multiply, and ere long we shall see bands of Bond Street Irregulars on the march. Remember, there is still a book by Ian Fleming to come, his thirteenth and last, due in August: *The Man with the Golden Gun.*

The Man Who Sold Death. *By James Munro. Knopf.* $4.95. British shipping exec who is also crack shot and judo and karate champ is tapped to dispose of renegade French colonel who seeks to embroil Britain in Algerian mess; heavy gunplay ensues in Nice and London; hero has fine recuperative powers. Action plus, and then more action.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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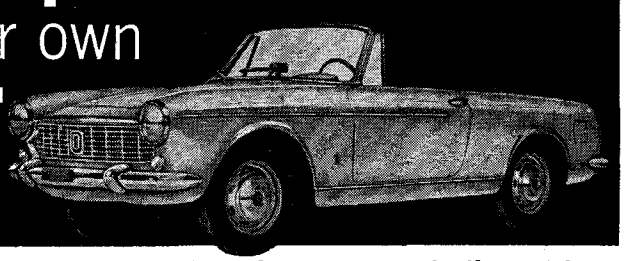

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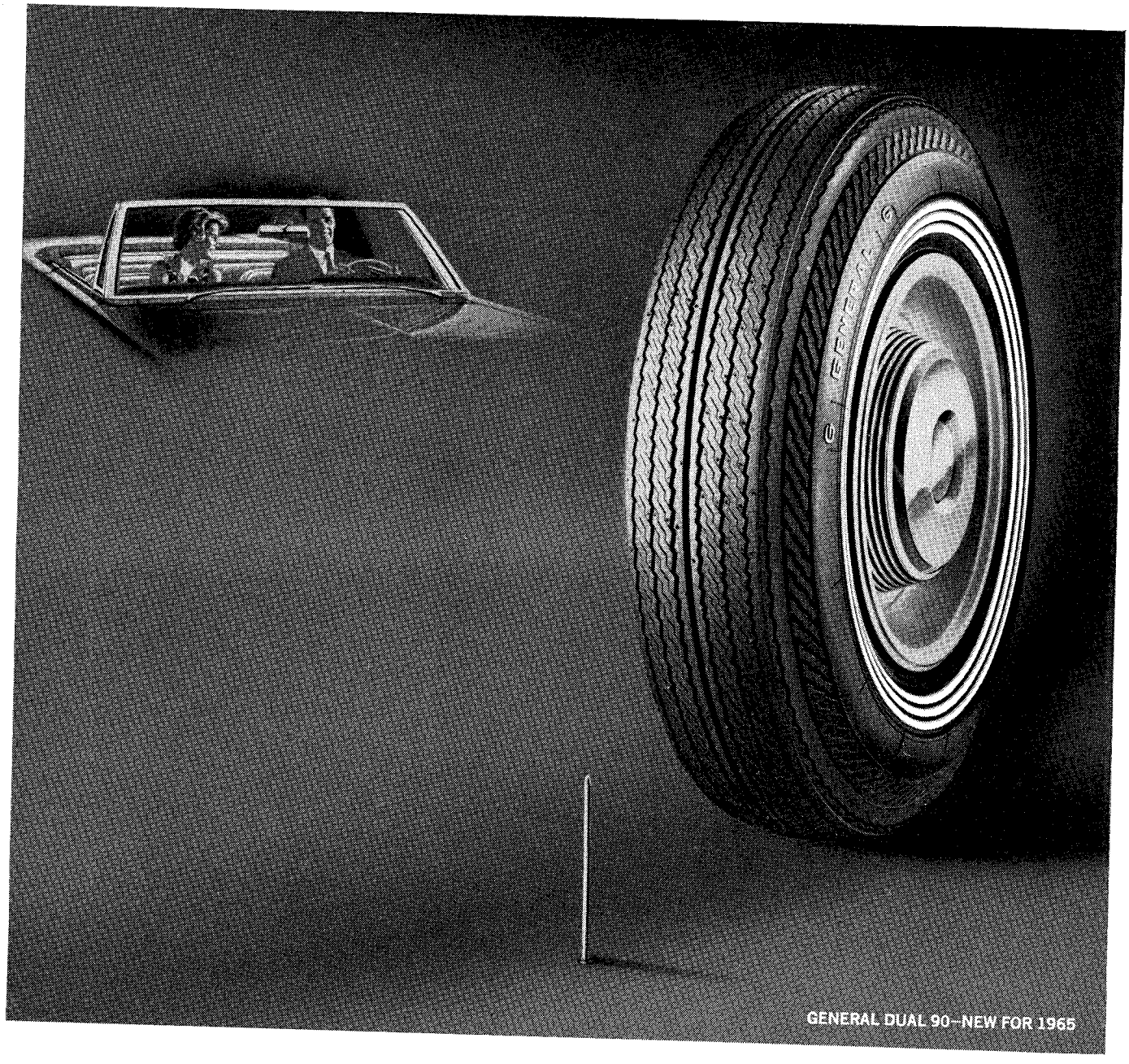

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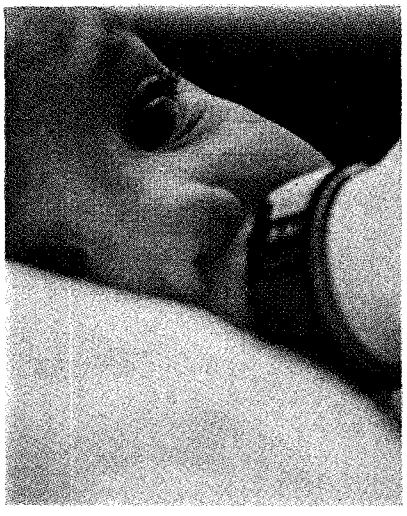

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* THIRTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO LONDON**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO HAWAII**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 1, 1966, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 1st issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1965.

SR's 1964 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Helen G. Russell of Gorham, Maine, professor of mathematics at Wellesley College, 1964 winner of the grand prize for color. Miss Russell won a round-trip to Hong Kong for her picture of a child in a sampan.

F. B. Grunzweig, public information officer of the U.N. Secretariat, 1964 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Grunzweig's photograph, taken in Kennedy Airport, won him a round-trip flight to Paris.

Saturday Review

380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1964, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. Black-and-white photographs

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. Color photographs

a. Color pictures may be submitted as either slides *or* prints. Do not send slides and prints of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1965, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 1, 1966. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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Rooms for Misfits

***The Boarding-House**, by William Trevor (Viking. 287 pp. $4.50), displays a motley group of solitaries who meet their several disasters through efforts to reach others. Victor Chapin is the author of "The Company of Players" and other novels.*

By VICTOR CHAPIN

IN HIS second novel William Trevor has written a sad comedy about solitaries. Mr. Bird, the boarding-house owner, who dies on the first page, had chosen his lonelies carefully, and—presumably out of kindness, but possibly to be cruel—brought them all together in his establishment. By willing the house jointly to two of them, a heartless nurse and a petty criminal, he has arranged to destroy his own creation.

That is the situation; one that, as it turns out, is not resolved according to plan. The agent of destruction is not one of those appointed by Mr. Bird, but another, the one who is the most alienated of them all. This climax momentarily deceives by producing what appears to be a catharsis in a story in which no real catharsis is possible. However, the meaning of the allegory is made clear and we find that, just as the jacket copy claims, this novel is "a microcosm of our disjointed society." We are all, it seems, residents of the boarding-house: lonely, obsessed, and unconnected.

Since the allegory is not an obvious one, the story can be read without it, though the characters and situations are not in themselves truly interesting. Mr. Bird plays God; Miss Clock, the nurse, is fixated on the elderly; Miss Rose Cave, having been born out of wedlock, has no identity; Miss Clerricott is obsessed by her own ugliness; Mr. Scribbin, abnormally tall, has a train fetish; Major Eele, shabby-genteel, is a voyeur; Mr. Obd, a Nigerian, pursues a white woman until she rejects him. Everybody meets his private disaster as a result of attempting to communicate or cooperate with others.

Read on one level, ignoring the Pinteresque allegorical overtones, this is a "black" comedy that is essentially unfunny in its characters and situations but sustains a certain humor through its author's outlook. At times the total effect is reminiscent of Muriel Spark or Angus Wilson, and, when the action moves below stairs to the servants' quarters, of Henry Green. This is not to say that the author does not sustain a style of his own, for that he does do; and in the end he impresses the reader through the intensity of a vision that, while it conforms to the classic rules of comedy, amuses less than it disturbs.

A novel of this kind cannot appeal to everybody, for the story matters only for what it implies, and the characters, manipulated by the author in their games of loneliness, are all impaled by their own obsessions. William Trevor has been compared to Evelyn Waugh, which makes one realize that Waugh, once so much a contemporary, was writing for a different time. Trevor's kind of comedy is very much of this decade, which offers little that is grandiose for deflating and in which the absurdities come not from habits and institutions but from the sudden loss of the meanings that once were attached to them.

William Trevor—games of loneliness.

Conversations with Hallucinations

***Yes from No Man's Land**, by Bernard Kops (Coward-McCann. 207 pp. $4.50), records the visions and memories of a dying patriarch. Emile Capouya is currently teaching American and English literature at the New School in New York.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

JOE LEVENE is dying of cancer in a hospital in London. Much of the time he communes with hallucinations, grateful visions of his childhood and of his dead wife, unwelcome colloquies with his oldest son who has settled in Israel. In his lucid moments he smokes shag tobacco, abuses the nursing sisters—for this is a Catholic hospital, to add insult to injury—and impatiently awaits the visits of his daughter Sophie, the family's fond lackey and unappreciated conscience. Visits from his second son, Barry, the rising young architect, he does not expect, for the darling boy is so busy. In the few hours in which the story unfolds, Sophie arrives, late and out of breath as usual. Unaccountably, Barry appears, too. He comes with his sweetheart, a handsome and intelligent girl, chief among whose perfections is the fact that she is not Jewish. He wants her to see *what he has risen from.*

Quite a scenario, and painful and convincing enough, as far as that goes. The technical problem in constructing a novel around the visions and memories of a single character is the difficulty of avoiding stasis; to that end the protagonist must be made the center of a rich human interchange. Joe Levene, the childish and curmudgeonly patriarch, stranger in a strange land, representative of a complex culture—albeit somewhat debased in his person—seems to me to be a more or less adequate figure for the role he must sustain. Accordingly, *Yes from No Man's Land* is successful on its own terms.

Is it successful on more ideal terms? The Jewish culture that is celebrated or deprecated in so many novels is obviously splendid material for literary purposes. A dramatic culture, a self-conscious and reflective culture, and a racial experience that is emblematic of the history of man. The trouble is that Jewish novelists writing in English are tempted to paint a picture for the uninitiate, emphasizing what is paradoxical or exotic in Jewish life, or what must seem so to the outsider. Or else, at a further stage of assimilation—perhaps the stage represented by Mr. Leslie Fiedler's suggestion that all Americans can qualify as honorary Semites—the novelist is likely to address his readers as if *en famille*, as if what is distinctive about Jewish customs, patterns of speech, or ways of thinking were after

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all the common currency of the larger culture.

But that tactic rests on a misunderstanding, and the novels that employ it are likely to seem hysterically cosy. The example of Isaac Bashevis Singer, writing in Yiddish of ghetto life with a kind of deep-chested power and ease, will show by contrast what I mean. Clearly, most of the novelists who try to make use of their Jewish background are not in Mr. Singer's position, and it is not desirable that they should be. But the position they *are* in is a very difficult one—so much so that to my mind the most successful are those who, like Mr. Philip Roth, appear to be writing out of what can only be called anti-Semitic rage, the familiar impatience of the prophets with their stiff-necked people. That emotion puts an edge on what Mr. Roth has to say. Mr. Bernard Kops, though he deals in this novel with death and betrayal, is a gentler sort. His book suffers accordingly—sometimes it isn't nice to be nice.

Successpots in Their Haunts: It would be impertinent to call a man an author of great promise when he has been working steadily at the novelist's trade since 1909; but one ought to be allowed to say that *Quadrille* (Doubleday, $4.50) is a novel of great promises. In his offering for 1965 Frank Swinnerton promises something dark and sparkling in modern London—wicked high life, sordid beatniks, love, lust, lurid death, and something better than any of these: a message. In the end the reader is out on the street blinking, like the visitors to Barnum's Museum, still believing that he is really going to see the whale.

Fifty books in fifty-six years is surely a sign of great energy, and Swinnerton conveys this energy, together with an attendant sense of things about to happen, in *Quadrille*. Vitality and suspense are great gifts to a story; as an old master Swinnerton can show that they are enough to hold the reader. He attends to plot, character, dialogue, and the rest in a jovially perfunctory manner.

This is the last of a quartet of novels in each of which there appear members of four generations of the talented Grace family. In *Quadrille*, set in 1960, young Laura Grace, of the fourth generation, is a brilliant pianist who will shortly be famous. But first she must tread the dangerous mazes of the dance. Her host at a cellar party falls to the floor drunk and strips; a dangerous girl of twenty-four, the author of shoddy but successful historical biographies, gives her coffee and biscuits, a fierce vision of England as a matriarchy in the twenty-first century, and the revelation that people are not as they seem. An older man whom Laura adores falls into disgrace, nearly dragging her down with him in all her innocence.

Quadrille is a novel of Life, but not of the murky working-class existence Swinnerton projected so handsomely in *Nocturne* back in 1917. It is not merely the story of one girl genius; it is star-studded with success. There is the great London hostess, once a celebrated sleeper-around, who has calmed down and married none other than Noble Buckingham, libidinous octogenarian financier. There is Sir Charles Hoodright, a fashionable surgeon "who must know much about the domestic affairs of famous people." Sir Charles is "easy in his blond cleanliness" and possesses an "impeccable façade." He can sit with Noble Buckingham, that formidable millionnaire, "for twenty minutes at a time . . . telling quiet stories about medical and racial experiences in the Near East." There is Lance Thomas, a monocled journalist "whose ears were flat against the sides of his head." His secret diary "when published in A.D. 2000 would provoke scandalized revaluation of all public figures of the new-Elizabethan era."

Swinnerton's absurdities of style can't be blamed on his having become one of the living literary monuments. They stood out long ago. In *Nocturne* a Cockney girl is seen eating chocolates "enjoyingly." But while in *Nocturne* he made a fine thing of the drabbest London background, *Quadrille*, as a picture of the successpots in their haunts, is barely worth a smile. —H. C. GARDNER.

The Violated Land

***The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones,** by Jesse Hill Ford (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 364 pp. $5.95), concerns the devastating impact of a Negro divorce action on a small Tennessee town. Samuel I. Bellman of California State Polytechnic College (Pomona) writes frequently on contemporary fiction and is currently working on a biography of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.*

By SAMUEL I. BELLMAN

THE FAULKNER country is a rough territory to win back, as it was in the old days, and as it is now, with the descendants of the plantation owners and the slaves and the poor whites, with the Yankee agitators and the curse on the land that won't be removed until all the evil is bleached out. Nobody else has even come close to winning it back, and a lot of those who tried wound up with pretty little stories, or cathartics about "violence erupting in a quiet Southern town."

Jesse Hill Ford, a Southerner with ancient roots in his land, is considered a promising writer. But *The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones*, for all its exposure of the nineteenth-century mentality of a small Southern town today, is essentially a concocted cathartic.

Somerton, Tennessee, in 1963 is a backward, semilawless place where Negroes are lucky to be left alive. Those who have anything the white men want are apt to be jailed on a trumped-up charge, beaten senseless, raped periodically (if they are women), or otherwise harassed until they give up what they've got. Old family servants are regularly treated like performing monkeys who hate themselves. What little dignity there is seems to be found only among the whites, who try to allay their civil rights fears with proud memories of the Confederacy and pep talks about White Southern Womanhood and "keeping the niggers in their place." Even this "dignity" is spurious, because the whites panic at the thought of Federal intervention, and the men among them find Negro Southern Womanhood irresistible.

Lord Byron Jones, a Negro undertaker, is the richest man in town and the impotent husband of a beautiful nymphomaniac. His name is ironic, and his manner also. Always the unruffled gentleman, he would still be willing to patch things up with his wife, despite her open adulteries with a degenerate white policeman and her withering contempt for his own sexual shortcomings. But the only thing Emma intends to do for Lord Byron is to keep taking his money; and so he files suit for divorce. And thereby hangs a tale.

City Attorney Oman Hedgepath, much against his wishes, agrees to represent Lord Byron. Emma, now pregnant by her lover (who continually mistreats her), plans to contest the action. The leading members of the white community launch a concerted attack on the undertaker and his wife to keep them from continuing a suit that would besmirch the name of a fine, upstanding law officer. A nightmare of terror and bloodshed ensues.

Ford's novel is an exercise in unrelieved horror, suggesting only in the most superficial way the ambiguous beauty and pathos of William Faulkner's violated land.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art

CANVASES AND CAREERS: Institutional Change in the French Painting World. By Harrison and Cynthia White. John Wiley. $5.50.

DURER. Text by Ludwig Grote. World. $6.75.

HOGARTH'S GRAPHIC WORKS. First Complete Edition. Compiled with commentary by Ronald Paulson. Yale Univ. Press. Two vols. $40.

Business, Economics

THE BRIGHT KEY: Thoughts on the Relation of Business to Research and Education. By Monroe E. Spaght. Appleton-Century. $4.95.

THE GREAT DISCOUNT DELUSION. Walter Henry Nelson. McKay. $4.50.

Crime, Suspense

THE LURE OF THE BUSH. By Arthur W. Upfield. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE MIND READERS. By Margery Allingham. Morrow. $4.50.

MORE GILT-EDGED BONDS. By Ian Fleming. Macmillan. $5.95.

THE WAITING GAME. By Patrick Wayland. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

THE BERLIN WALL. By Pierre Galante with Jack Miller. Doubleday. $4.95.

CHALLENGE FOR THE PACIFIC. By Robert Leckie. Doubleday. $5.95.

U. S. MILITARY STRATEGY IN THE SIXTIES. By Robert N. Ginsburgh. Norton. $4.

Education

HORACE MANN ON THE CRISIS IN EDUCATION. Edited by Louis Filler. Antioch Press. $6.

Fiction

CATS DON'T CARE FOR MONEY. By Christiane Rochefort. Doubleday. $3.95.

COMMANDER-1. By Peter George. Delacorte. $4.95.

FIFTY BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES 1915-1965. Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

MRS. 'ARRIS GOES TO PARLIAMENT. By Paul Gallico. Doubleday. $2.95.

THE PENETRATORS. By Anthony Gray. Putnam. $4.95.

THE REVOLT OF SARAH PERKINS. By Marian Cockrell. McKay. $4.95.

THAT COLD DAY IN THE PARK. By Richard Miles. Delacorte Press. $3.95.

WALTZ AND OTHER STORIES. By Felix Martí-Ibáñez. Clarkson N. Potter. $5.

History

ASPECTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Edited by Earl R. Wasserman. Johns Hopkins. $7.

THE DOMINION PARTNERSHIP IN IMPERIAL DEFENSE, 1870-1914. By Donald Gordon. Johns Hopkins. $7.50.

THE RISE OF URBAN AMERICA. By Constance McLaughlin Green. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE ROMANTIC WEST: 1789-1850. Text by Eugenie de Keyser. World. $20.

UNITED STATES POLICY AND THE PARTITION OF TURKEY, 1914-1924. By Laurence Evans. Johns Hopkins. $7.95.

THE URBAN NATION: 1920-1960. By George Mowry. Hill & Wang. $5.

Law, Politics

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL AND THE POLITICS OF RACE. By Neil Hickey and Ed Edwin. Fleet. $6.50.

THE ENGLISH BAR: A Priesthood. The Tribute of an American Lawyer. By Barnett Hollander. Barnes & Noble. $3.

KURT SCHUMACHER: A Study in Personality and Political Behavior. By Lewis J. Edinger. Stanford Univ. Press. $8.95.

Literary Criticism

DRYDEN'S POETIC KINGDOMS. By Alan Roper. Barnes & Noble. $5.

THE KING OF THE CATS and Other Remarks on Writers and Writing. By F. W. Dupee. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

Miscellany

THE ART OF VEGETARIAN COOKERY. By Betty Wason. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE BUSINESSMAN'S GUIDE TO EUROPE. By Paul B. Finney. McGraw-Hill. $10.

COMPLETE PARTY DINNERS FOR THE NOVICE COOK: A Programmed Guide to Twelve Gourmet Entertainments. By Ruth Cavin. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE GREATEST THING SINCE SLICED BREAD. By Don Robertson. Putnam. $4.50.

MAMMON AND THE BLACK GODDESS. By Robert Graves. Doubleday. $3.95.

A MAN NAMED HOFFMAN and Other Narratives of Medical Detection. By Berton Roueché. Little, Brown. $4.75.

Music

MOZART: A Documentary Biography. Edited by Otto Erich Deutsch. Stanford Univ. Press. $17.50.

MUSIC IN BALI: A Study of Form and Instrumental Organization in Balinese Orchestral Music. By Colin McPhee. Yale Univ. Press. $25.

Personal History

ARTHUR OF BRITAIN. By E. K. Chambers. Barnes & Noble. $6.

CARPETBAGGER'S CRUSADE: The Life of Albion Winegar Tourgee. By Otto H. Olsen. Johns Hopkins. $7.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE CAREER OF PHILOSOPHY: From the Enlightenment to the Nineteenth Century. By John H. Randall, Jr. Columbia Univ. Press. $11.95.

LETTERS TO AN EX-PRIEST. By Emmett McLoughlin. Lyle Stuart. $4.95.

THE POPE AND HIS WORLD. By Anton Henze. Viking. $8.50.

PROFILES IN CHRISTIAN COMMITMENT. By. W. J. Smart. World. $3.95.

THE THIRD SESSION. By Xavier Rynne. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

THOUGHT AND CHANGE. By Ernest Gellner. Univ. of Chicago Press. $5.

Sociology

LIFE AND DEATH OF A MENTAL HOSPITAL. By Ezra Stotland and Arthur L. Kobler. Univ. of Washington Press. $6.95.

THE RETIREMENT TRAP. By Leland Frederick Cooley and Lee Morrison Cooley. Doubleday. $4.50.

URBAN DESEGREGATION: Negro Pioneers and Their White Neighbors. By Lawrence K. Northwood and Ernest A. T. Barth. Univ. of Washington Press. $3.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

"I didn't see a thing. At the time I was watering the plants."

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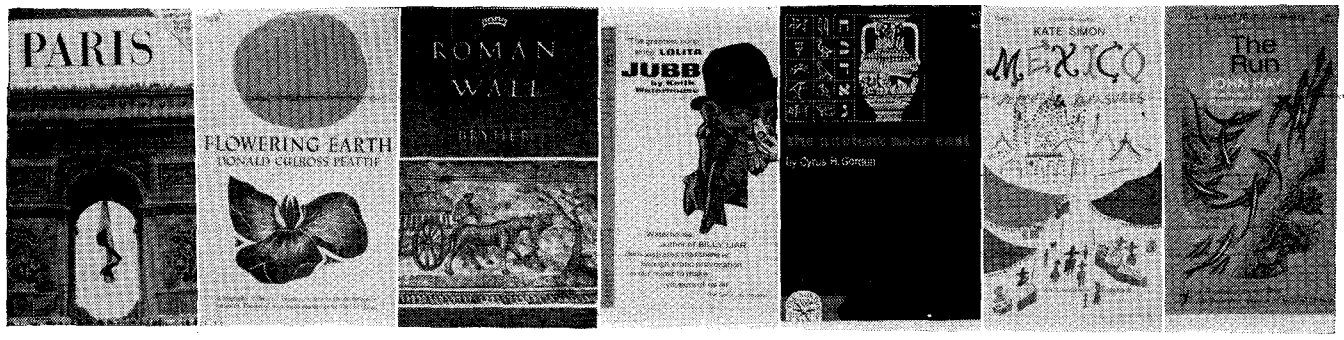

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

In years to come Shirley Ann Grau will remember exactly what she was doing when she was told that she had won the 1964 Pulitzer Prize. "I was spraying bugs on my son's tomato plants," she said recently at her home in suburban New Orleans. "A local newspaperman called. I thought it was a prank. But I thought about it until I finally got up courage to call Alfred Knopf in New York. He said yes." Her novel, *The Keepers of the House*, has already appeared in a Crest paperback (60¢). Miss Grau, an attractive, dark-haired young woman of thirty-five, is the wife of James B. Feibleman, chairman of Tulane University's philosophy department, and the mother of three children, Ian, six, Nora, five, and six-month-old William. "The older children have been impossible about the publicity," said Miss Grau. "They just adore it, especially the cameramen. They even asked the mailman if he wanted to take their pictures."

Like most women who write, Miss Grau dislikes being called a "female writer." Nor does she especially like being labeled a "Southern author." "Nowadays it's such a limiting term. True, I happen to have been born here in New Orleans, raised in the South, and I write about it because I know it best; but I hope my characters transcend their surroundings. Any novel worth its salt is going to go beyond the story. Faulkner is actually the only one who escaped the regional label, and then only at the end, long after his best work was done." But when one talks with Miss Grau one has a keen sense of her belonging to the South and being a willing participant in its life and its woes. "You can't live in the South today and not be politically involved," she said. "The great tragedy is that the moderate Southerners never got organized. Plenty of Southerners deplore violence. And with a Southern writer today, even fiction is read as fact. I wrote a story about a Negro girl integrating a white school, and the mail poured in as if I had written a tract."

To accompany Mendelssohn, here is Winifred Gray's *You and Your Wedding* (Bantam, 85¢) with pertinent advice on how invitations should read whether the groom be a Marine Major or a plain civilian, how to register at a hotel (Mr. and Mrs. Jones, please, never Mr. Jones and wife). This is also the season when golfers are expansive with advice. *How to Play Your Best Golf All the Time* (Crest, 50¢), is Tommy Armour's hopeful handbook, with special attention to the strength of such as Gary Player and Arnold Palmer. Then there's *Golfers' Gold* (Pocket Books, 50¢), by that fourteen-carat star of the fairways, "Champagne Tony" Lema. Mr. Lema is less concerned about teaching others to excel on the green than with explaining how *he* did it, but that, after all, is quite a story . . . All play and no work makes Jack an unemployed boy; hence a look at *1,001 Top Jobs for High School Graduates* (Bantam, 75¢), by William I. Kaufman, which lists occupations from such modest beginnings as fountain clerk, a vocation which calls for "clean skin and neat hair," to something as formidable as orthopedic-prosthetic technician.

—Rollene W. Saal.

Fiction

Certainly Charles Dickens is one of the all-time leaders of the literary hit parade, judging by the great number of reprints of his novels. There are no fewer than eleven editions of *A Tale of Two Cities*, ten *Great Expectations*, half a dozen *David Copperfields;* and even *The Old Curiosity Shop* with Little Nell appears once. But it has taken until now for *Martin Chuzzlewit* (Signet, 95¢), to make its way into paperback. It's an annoying, haphazard novel, this story about a young man seeking his fortune in nasty, materialistic America; but it does boast the incomparable Mrs. Gamp and Pecksniff.

The English novel may have taken a turn or two for the worse since Dickens's day, but right now it seems to jog along at a brisk pace. Some of the novelists represented by this month's paperbacks are alike only in their singularity. Through the years Bryher has gone about her task of writing uncommonly good historical novels like *Roman Wall* (Pantheon, $1.95), which reconstructs those days of waning empire in the third century when Switzerland was the Romans' last outpost against the barbarians. J. R. R. Tolkien, a British philologist who writes such wildly imaginative science fiction as *The Fellowship of the Ring* (Ace, 75¢), is only a little less admired than Ian Fleming. Iris Murdoch, until recently a philosophy don at Oxford, has had an active academic career. Such novels as *The Flight from the Enchanter* (Compass, $1.65), written with steel-edged irony, have been described handsomely by various critics; but V. S. Pritchett comes closest when he calls it "a very brainy fairy tale."

New and noted: Keith Waterhouse's *Jubb* (Pocket Books, 50¢)—none of the wild good humor of *Billy Liar*, but a bold attempt at portraying a vulgar, unheroic, and incredibly human being. *Two Novels by Robbe-Grillet* (Grove, $1.65), translated by Richard Howard, comprises the duet *Jealousy* and *In the Labyrinth*, whose photographic realism remains more dreamlike than anyone's nightmares. Bernard Kops's *The World Is a Wedding* (Avon, 75¢) is a disjointed, often touching story about a young Englishman's "great expectations" and inevitable breakdown. Hans Hellmut Kirst's *The Night of the Generals* (Bantam, 75¢), about espionage and murder in Germany, is by one of that country's most successful postwar novelists.

Travel

Each year about this time all America seems poised for vacation in climes increasingly foreign. Despite governmental urging to spend dollars here at home, more than a million and a quarter Americans are expected to travel to Europe in 1965. Accordingly, to prepare this horde, Random House has provided a series of travel guidebooks ($1.45 each) crammed with useful facts, figures, pull-

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out maps, and such vital phrases as *No funciona el motor* ("the car broke down" in Spain), *Ho perduto una valigia* ("I have lost a suitcase" in Italy), or, more cheerfully, *Le service était excellent* when dining in France. These ten revised guides, the cooperative effort of Random House and *Holiday* Magazine editors, cover *Spain, Britain, London, France, Paris, Italy, Rome, Florence and the Hill Towns, The Riviera and Southern France,* and *Scandinavia.*

V. S. Pritchett's *The Spanish Temper* (Harper Colophon, $1.75) won't suggest what to order for dinner in Andalusia or even where to stay in Madrid; but it is a marvelously evocative book and a necessity for understanding Spain present through the reflections of Spain past. Spanish-speaking but a lot nearer home is *Mexico: Places and Pleasures* (Dolphin, $1.45), by Kate Simon, who wrote the glitteringly successful Manhattan guide, *New York: Places and Pleasures.* She quite properly calls hers "An Uncommon Guidebook"; her advice ranges from how to put centavos into a pay phone to the proper method of imbibing hallucinogenic mushrooms. (Actually, Mrs. Simon doesn't recommend the dream-inducing delicacy for every tourist diet, but her own experience had such a *cauchemar* quality that we had to mention it.)

One of the curiosities of travel books is John L. Stephens's *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan* (Dover, 2 vols., $2 each). Written more than 100 years ago, it still offers visitors a special sense of that sunbaked Mayan world. Patrick D. Hazard's *Hawaii* (Dolphin, 95¢) is a straightforward report on hotels, food, and sightseeing attractions, supplemented by a modest if adequate "tourist's history of Hawaii," and enough photographs to make every surf-soaked shore look irresistible.

Also noted: J. D. Mackie's *A History of Scotland* (Pelican original, $1.25), not a travel book at all, but so concise an account of the land of "mist and tartans" that any traveler would welcome it; Chitoshi Yanaga's *Japanese People and Politics* (Wiley-Science Editions, $2.25), a postwar appraisal of the "new Japan"; *All About Tipping* (Macfadden, 50¢), by Jean Sprain Wilson, who cheerfully reports, along with practical advice on how much, where, and when to tip in lands from Afghanistan to Yugoslavia, that Americans needn't feel ashamed any longer of holding the record for being the biggest sports on the Continent —now Australians and South Americans usually out-tip us.

Archeology

The success or failure of many books on archeology intended for the general reader rests upon the degree of enthusiasm the author is able to communicate. Some new paperbacks that score especially high include Barbara Mertz's *Temples, Tombs and Hieroglyphs* (Delta, $1.95), which she calls "an informal history of Egyptology." It dwells upon those aspects of life that have most interested her, and upon such unforgettable characters as the mite-sized fifteenth-century B.C. King Thutmose, who was the greatest warrior of his time.

Sir C. Leonard Woolley's *Ur of the Chaldees* (Norton, $1.55) is a lively record of that noted archeologist's digs in the ancient Sumerian city.

The Minoan civilization holds special drama, and J. D. S. Pendlebury's *The Archeology of Crete* (Norton, $1.75) recreates much of this colorful past.

Cyrus H. Gordon's *The Ancient Near East* (Norton, $1.75), now in its third edition, demonstrates how far archeology has developed. New scientific methods and machines have enabled us to learn more about earlier civilizations than was known even a few years ago. Some of the progress made in the field is described in Stuart Piggott's *Approach to Archeology* (McGraw-Hill, $1.95), a fundamental explanation of what the subject is all about and the degree to which it shares loyalties with the natural sciences such as botany, biology, and geology.

The South Seas have always held allure for explorers, anthropologists, archeologists, and all scientists who hope that today's islanders will provide a link with the ancient people. *The Hidden Worlds of Polynesia* (Mentor, 75¢), by Robert C. Suggs, reconstructs the vivid culture of the prehistoric inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands. It then reflects upon the modern islanders, who, the author notes somewhat sadly, "beneath the smiling exteriors are human beings as loaded with cares, tensions, hostilities as any others."

Carleton Beals's *Nomads and Empire Builders* (Citadel, $2.25), looks to South America and the customs and cultures of peoples as disparate as the head-shrinking Jivaros of the Ecuadorian jungle and the austere Incas whose lonely fortress Macchu-Pichu still stands high in the Andes.

The Outdoors

One of the most appreciative of naturalists is the distinguished and highly poetic Donald Culross Peattie, whose *Flowering Earth* (Compass, $1.45) is a paean to the world of growing things, from algae to conifer. The book also supplies plenty of botanical information.

A more specific handbook is Mrs. William Starr Dana's turn-of-the-century *How to Know Wild Flowers* (Dover, $1.85), in which more than 4,500 varieties from rhodora to thimble weed are described and illustrated.

Birds aren't the only creatures who migrate; butterflies do it, too, and so do fish. In *The Run* (Anchor, 95¢) John Hay, a Cape Cod naturalist, describes the annual trip of the alewive, a kind of herring, from the ocean upriver to spawn in freshwater ponds deep inland before their return to the sea's depths.

Another helpful book for tyros is Aretas A. Saunders's *An Introduction to Bird Life for Bird Watchers* (Dover, $1), which is packed with facts about nests and songs and flight patterns.

Turning to inanimate nature, we have Richard M. Pearl's *How to Know the Minerals and Rocks* (Signet, 75¢), which contains illustrations and descriptions of more than 125 specimens.

"Madonna and Child."

The Modern Madonna is nowhere more amply represented than in the sculptures of Henry Moore, whose statues, whether in alabaster or wood, bronze or stone, endlessly explore the mother-and-child motif. In *The Archetypal World of Henry Moore* (Harper Torchbooks, $1.75), translated from the German by R. F. C. Hull, Erich Neumann pursues the psychological origins of Moore's inspiration. To the frequent annoyance of art critic and psychologist alike, he links Moore to an unconscious, dark, epic past, as if he were one, at least in psychic terms, with prehistory. Nevertheless, this intelligent study seizes provocatively upon the maternal image as symbolic of man's dependence on nature.

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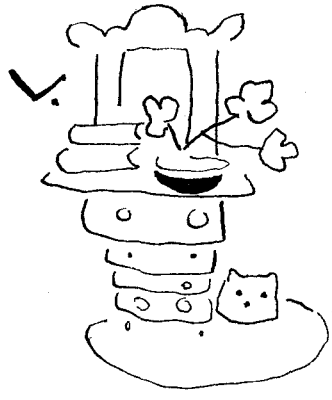
The Public May Be Heard

NEGRO LEADERS in Jackson, Mississippi, have been alleging for ten years that WLBT, a local television station, practices discrimination in reporting the civil rights movement. They have charged that the station fails to meet the broadcasting needs of their community, which represents more than 40 per cent of the population of WLBT's viewing area. Nevertheless, the management, controlled by the Lamar Life Insurance Company, has had its license renewed twice during that ten years despite investigations by the Federal Communications Commission. The FCC recently granted WLBT a third renewal—but only for one year instead of the usual three. The commission, in lowering the boom on the station, warned it that it must be fair in its treatment of civil rights and must begin talking immediately in good faith with community civil rights leaders about the area's programming needs. You'll be required to report nine months from now, the commission told the station in effect, when you make your next application for renewal; and we will expect to hear, at that time, from interested parties who have been complaining about your practices.



It is doubtful that the FCC's investigations since 1955 would alone have resulted in the commission's disciplinary action. Major credit belongs to the Office of Communication of the United Church of Christ, which is under the direction of the Reverend Everett C. Parker. This group has taken an alert, informed, and active role in pursuit of the public interest in broadcasting. Dr. Parker petitioned the FCC to deny the license renewal to WLBT. He was joined by Aaron E. Henry, a pharmacist of Clarksburg, Mississippi, and by the Reverend R. L. T. Smith, a Jackson minister and businessman. Both men are prominent civil rights leaders. The petitioners monitored WLBT's television schedules, obtained affadavits, and hired lawyers to present a thoroughly professional case to the commission. The FCC denied them standing as "parties of interest," in a technical sense, yet considered their contentions in reaching a decision.

The contentions were too important to be ignored. The FCC recognized that they raised "serious public interest questions," yet it failed to grant the petitioners the formal hearing they requested, thus raising serious questions about the commission's own devotion to the public interest. Chairman E. William Henry and Commissioner Kenneth A. Cox dissented from the 4-2 decision that granted the short-term renewal. They asserted that a hearing was mandatory under the Communications Act, that substantial issues of fact had been raised that could be resolved only by a hearing, and that the failure to order it "involves the integrity of the public-interest standard and the commission's renewal processes." The dissenting commissioners further stated that the allegations of the petition, "if true, would indicate that the station has made misrepresentations to the commission, deceived the public, violated commission policy, broken federal and state laws, and ignored the needs of a substantial portion of the community."

The four-man majority (Commissioners Rosel H. Hyde, Lee Loevinger, Robert T. Bartley, and Robert E. Lee) conceded that "it was a close question whether to designate for hearing. . . ." But they argued that WLBT, if it reformed, could make a "most worthwhile contribution" to Jackson at this "critical period of race relations," and that this much-needed contribution "should not be put off for the future." The majority's reasoning is specious. It is highly doubtful that WLBT will become a model of fairness with regard to civil rights. Even if it should, however, would it be worth the price of violating the integrity of the commission's procedural obligations in the public interest? The Communications Act states unequivocally that where "a substantial and material question of fact is presented . . . [the commission] shall formally designate . . . for hearing."

Substantial and material questions of fact are clearly evident when one reads the pleadings. Thus it is clear that the FCC, by its decision, is saying to all stations: "It doesn't matter how naughty you are; just come and say you'll behave, and you can have your license renewed." This despite the commission's actions in two recent cases, Palmetto Broadcasting (1962) and KWK Radio (1963), where renewals were not granted even when the offending stations promised to reform. The commission's policy is ambiguous, to say the least. The United Church of Christ plans to appeal to the courts for a hearing, but even if it doesn't get one it has already made an important contribution to broadcasting. It has demonstrated that a group representing nobody but the public can be heard by the FCC, and it has therefore helped to broaden the fairness doctrine to a more general level of a station's over-all service to a community. It has also shown how other groups can be effective in the most vital public-interest area of broadcasting—the granting and renewal of licenses.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

YE GODS!

The English words below are derived from or otherwise associated with the Roman names of deities whose Greek counterparts are listed in Column Two. Pansy Nichols of Austin, Texas, asks you to match the English words with the names of the gods and goddesses in their Greek form. Revelations on page 64.

1. cereal	( ) Hephaestus
2. vestal	( ) Selene
3. martial	( ) Eros
4. venereal	( ) Zeus
5. cupidity	( ) Aphrodite
6. lunar	( ) Dionysus
7. jovial	( ) Ares
8. bacchanalian	( ) Demeter
9. volcano	( ) Hermes
10. mercurial	( ) Hestia

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Here's Mud in Your Sty!

IN ADDITION to the APT project discussed in this column June 19, professional theaters outside New York have two other means of obtaining fresh plays. The first is simply to find a new American playwright of promise and take a chance that his unheralded and unperfected play will appeal to the adventurousness of audiences. For instance, Washington's Arena stage is currently producing Millard Lampell's *The Lonesome Train* and *Hard Travelin'*, Houston's Alley Theatre is showing Paul Zindel's *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds,* and the Dallas Theater Center is presenting a trio of one-act plays at its Down Center Stage.

Mr. Zindel's drama, which may reach New York under some such simpler title as *The Subject Was Marigolds,* is a study of an unstable widow whose struggle to support two teen-age daughters has provoked her into a bitterly cynical and wilfully destructive attitude toward life. During the course of the play she discovers that the plainer of her two daughters is talented and has won a high school prize for her experiments with mutation in irradiated plant seeds. This almost brings her back to a more positive attitude, but unfortunately her new illusions are cruelly burst and she returns to being even more destructive than she was before. However, the playwright suggests that there is hope in mutation, which produces both monstrosities and marvels. While the intense viciousness of the mother is insufficiently explained and challenges our credulity, the evening as sensitively staged in the round contains compelling moments of psychological insight and poetic overtones that the playwright obviously should develop further.

At the Dallas Theater Center the one-act plays were Dale Blair's *Never Mind Tomorrow,* an interlude in which two men squander their pay in getting drunk and rebelling against the forces that have impoverished their lives; Ronald Wilcox's *Telephones,* a fugue of ten one-ended phone conversations; and Randy Ford's *Epitaph.* The latter is the most impressive and original of the three, and quite successfully catches the drag-racing, girl-chasing flavor of two hot-rodders who emulate and idolize the late James Dean.

A more distinguished source of fresh theater is those foreign plays that have not yet attracted a New York producer. This year the Milwaukee Repertory Theatre introduced de Ghelderode's *Pantagleize,* a Chicago group is about to present Wesker's *The Kitchen,* and the Theatre Company of Boston had such a success with John Arden's *Live Like Pigs,* that it has been brought to off-Broadway's Actors' Playhouse for a limited run. The latter is an early work by a thirty-five-year-old British writer, whose more recent drama, *Armstrong's Last Goodnight,* is being seen at this summer's Chichester Festival with Albert Finney in the title role.

Live Like Pigs has many title roles, as Mr. Arden presents us with a styful of British lower-class characters forced together by a city housing administration which apparently expects that people bred in various traditions and conventions can, by being put in neater cages, suddenly develop responsible and orderly habits. But antipoverty programs are not that simple; the unnatural process breeds its own revolt. In this play we see a number of wildly humorous and a few wildly tragic results as each person openly deteriorates into a lowest common denominator.

However, the play is not so much a social tract or a psychological study as it is a piece for actors to fill with their vitality. And under David Wheeler's direction, everyone in this new company does so with startling thoroughness. While the North Country accents present a not completely solved problem for both actors and audience, the characterizations are strong and colorful. Most memorable perhaps are Josephine Lane as the tough-minded but animally joyous Big Rachel, and Will Hare as the confused husband next door who finds himself tempted but overmatched by her amoral lustiness.

They and the others in this splendid company relish to the utmost the play's defiant tumble of events, in which the barbarous, instinct-driven nomads first challenge the pretenses of an outwardly more civilized community and then frighten them into retaliation. And the final picture of these uprooted people facing decimation with superstitious ritual is magnificent theatrical poetry. All in all, *Live Like Pigs* provides an exciting New York introduction both to John Arden and to the Theatre Company of Boston.

—HENRY HEWES.

"What is life that I should guard it?"

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The Lively Art of Fakery

ONLY THE innocent these days consider the acquisition of art, even on a modest scale, an unprecarious occupation. Along with the usual problems of authenticity, provenance, and chronology, the present-day buyer also faces difficulties growing out of modern mechanization. Take, for example, a collector interested in an expensive bronze sculpture that reputedly exists in only eight casts. What is to keep an unscrupulous entrepreneur from making innumerable further casts from an already existing one? Unauthorized and unsupervised by the artist or, if the artist is no longer living, by any relative or representative, such casts are little better than reproductions.

A similar dilemma haunts the print market. As a result, the Print Council of America, "a nonprofit organization fostering the creation, dissemination, and appreciation of fine prints, new and old," recently called the art press together to release some disturbing facts. Presiding at the meeting was Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald, president of the Print Council and currently America's most important print collector. Answering the question "What is an original print?" the council repeatedly underlined the following three points:

1. The artist alone can create the master image in or upon metal plate, stone, wood block, or other material.

2. The print must be made from these materials by the artist or under his direction.

3. The finished print must be approved by the artist.

According to Mr. Rosenwald, these specifications are too often sidestepped today. He cited the case of "a leading museum in New England that last winter published and offered for sale a 'Portfolio of Ten Works by Ten Painters' described as original plates." Actually, however, he said, "these were silk-screen reproductions of paintings and the artists did not make the plates—*i.e.*, the silk screens." He went on to describe a recently discovered forgery: "At an auction in New York, a bidder purchased what he thought was an original print by Ben Shahn." With the help of the indignant artist it was disclosed that "an edition of 200 reproductions, numbered and signed, had been made from an original Shahn drawing." These reproductions, priced at $100 or more, were widely circulated. Happily, the auction house in question took back the forgery and returned the money. But the fate of other purchasers may be less reassuring.

Also serious is a case that, according to Mr. Rosenwald, "involved a New York art publisher and dealer who produced, advertised, and offered for sale, at $125 each, limited editions of two Salvador Dali lithographs, numbered and signed." These, Mr. Rosenwald pointed out, were "photo-mechanical lithographic reproductions of two Dali drawings and were not made by Dali, though he apparently signed them." Granted, the dealer did not specify they were original works, yet, said Mr. Rosenwald, "the advertising and sales promotion stated they were 'lithographs,' signed and numbered by Dali, and the public naturally assumed they were originals." Otherwise, why would purchasers shell out $125 per print?

One could draw up a formidable list of similar abuses. In a booklet called "Standards for Print Dealers," the Council notes that "numbered and signed reproductions, restrikes from canceled plates, fake originals, book illustrations, and pages from art magazines (sometimes even numbered and signed, framed or unframed) are offered as 'original' prints." The important question is how to differentiate between original prints and reproductions. At times, trained professionals are confused. And one must remember that false claims are not always deliberate; they can result from ignorance.

CERTAIN steps are being taken to inform the public, thanks to the Print Council of America. This organization, which is assembling an estimable list of reliable print dealers throughout the country, has persuaded the National Better Business Bureau to circulate an article called "Standards for Print Dealers." Most important, the Comité National de la Gravure Française has lately issued a "Manifesto for the Defense of the Original Print." I say most important because in recent years numerous doubtful so-called original prints, produced mechanically in France, have flooded the American market. Helpful, too, is the warning by UNESCO that "copies of original works of art made wholly by photo-mechanical or other mechanical processes" must not be issued as originals.

No one discredits a good reproduction. However, it should never be pawned off as an original work, nor should it command the price of an original work. The controlled subtleties that result from an artist's personal involvement are lost, as a rule, in mass production.

Today there is an acute need for new legislation to protect the public from misleading and fraudulent practices in all fields of art. Speaking recently on "The Future of the American Museum," Lloyd Goodrich, director of the Whitney Museum of American Art, said, "Closely connected with research is the problem of forgery and fraud, and the museum's relation to them. The extent of forgery in the American art world is not generally realized. I am not talking about honest differences of opinion as to attribution, but forgery deliberately perpetrated by dishonest artists (if you can call them that) and connived in by unscrupulous dealers and auction houses. In my own field of American art, and in the case of three painters I have worked on – Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, and Albert Ryder—forgery is a major problem. Through the years I have examined and recorded at least 500 pictures falsely attributed to Homer. In the case of Ryder, whose total life work was only about 165 paintings, the fakes outnumber the genuine works nearly five to one."

THEN, attacking the central problem, Mr. Goodrich recommended legislation to protect art experts. As the situation now stands, museum staffs have the necessary technical and laboratory facilities as well as the knowledge to advise on authenticity. "But," he added, "this is a function that in general they avoid. The reasons are obvious. Existing legislation is inadequate to protect the expert who is asked for an opinion." Many museums throughout the country, fearing possible lawsuits, forbid their curators to advise on authenticity. The public is obviously the loser.

I fully concur with Mr. Goodrich when he says, "What is needed is adequate legislation, federal and state, to prevent the trade in fraudulent art, and to protect the expert. What is also needed is more investigation and prosecution by law officers, more control of entry through customs, and greater cooperative effort by dealers, auction houses, museums, lawyers, and government—in other words, by all the elements that should be concerned with the ethics of the art world." Basically, however, it depends on legislation. When highly trained specialists are willing to advise on matters of authenticity without fee, they are surely entitled to adequate protection from the law. It is getting to the point where experts are afraid even to whisper in public.

—KATHARINE KUH.

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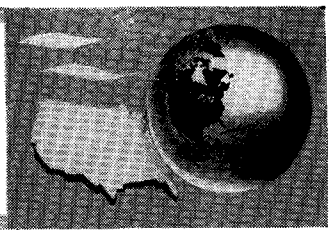
As Others See Us



WINNIPEG:

The Uses of Power

FOUR WEEKS AFTER the April 28 landing of U.S. Marines in the Dominican Republic, one of the most remarkable phenomena is the continuing mildness of adverse reaction in the rest of Latin America.

Reaction there has certainly been, but not on anything remotely like the scale that might have been expected in a continent traditionally suspicious of Yanqui gigantism and historically fearful of the "gunboat diplomacy" represented by earlier Marine landings in Latin territories.

Where are the street mobs, hitherto so readily formed to denounce North American "imperialism"? There has been to date one fairly large demonstration in Buenos Aires, involving 6,000 performers plus the usual complement of clubs and tear gas shells. Students have burned a couple of U.S. flags in Mexico, and a group of forty at the U.S. embassy in Rio de Janeiro "booed a few times and then dispersed," to quote a press report. Mob reaction has been equally readily handled in most capitals.

The shortage of major incidents suggests that criticism of American action, extensive as it is, is failing to strike fire as might be expected. On the diplomatic front, similar restraint prevails. Rude things are said in the semi-privacy of diplomatic corridors, but many public statements are relatively tempered. . . .

This is not to underestimate Latin distress at U.S. flouting of the shibboleth of non-intervention, or the resulting crisis in the inter-American system. . . . But the reaction was not as bad as it could have been. It was tempered just enough to give the U.S. limited breathing space to exercise its leadership and end the hemisphere's predicament.

Why did the continent adjust itself to at least a needed early period of moderation? It may be that with President Johnson at the helm, and with the precedent of President Kennedy's handling of the Cuban missile crisis, the United States is attracting a certain realistic respect mixed with the traditional fears.

It is realized that, as a great power, the U.S. is going to defend its ultimate interests and that the continent is going to have to live with this fact. As Colombia's ex-ambassador to the OAS put it: "The U.S. has a choice of either assuming full leadership or not. If it assumes leadership it must also try to bring about a great historic movement such as the economic and political union of Latin America. Then it has a right when necessary to overrule sovereignty."

—Richard Purser in the Winnipeg Free Press.

BELGRADE:

Dodging Responsibility

THE TREND IN the Dominican Republic is to look for a legal basis for the continuance of U.S. arms and domination, and at the same time to try to shift responsibility for this American invasion . . . onto the Organization of American States.

This is actually a violation of the basic legal norms in international affairs—the dodging of international responsibility for a crude violation of the national sovereignty of other countries and of world peace. *—Borba.*

GOTHENBURG:

The Long View

DOES THE UNITED STATES have the right to decide with the help of armed forces what kind of government another sovereign country shall have? If Brazil or Argentina should be threatened by a Communist revolt, would the United States there, too, be ready to intervene with armed forces?

This is the question that the Latin American countries are asking themselves today. They are underdeveloped, many of them are badly governed, and all are dependent on the help pumped into them by the United States. But at the same time they are proud and sensitive. The tremendous economic effort made by the United States to put the Latin American economy on its feet has been very useful, but the deficiencies in the system of distribution have provoked mistrust and hate in broad popular strata. This is of course exploited to the last drop by Communism, which, emanating from Cuba, is gaining entry into certain Latin American countries. The Dominican Republic provides it with another trump card that will be played with care. The military-political reasoning that now seems to decide the actions of the United States produces effective, immediate results. But it is doubtful that the calculations will come out right in the long run. *—Handelstidningen.*

—Krokodil, Moscow.

"The olive branch of the American peacemaker."

UPSALA:

Best Solution

THE INTERVENTION of the United States brings up another question, namely the process of decision-making in the White House and the channels of information to the President. The action of the United States in the Dominican Republic shows a certain obtuseness in the evaluation of the consequences of specific actions and how they will be understood around the world. The American government undoubtedly saw the situation as a dilemma where action in the form of intervention appeared to be the best solution. The question is what alternative means were available to reach the goal that the United States so frequently has declared that it strives for, namely the establishment of independent democratic countries.

—Upsala Nya Tidning.

HALIFAX:

Gain in Santo Domingo

TO OUTWARD APPEARANCE thus far, the withdrawal of United States troops from the Dominican Republic, and their replacement by forces contributed by members of the Organization of American States, is so small as to be inconspicuous. But beneath this, a principle of weight is involved.

Reckoning purely numerically, one might almost dismiss the changeover. The present prospects are for the replacement of 1,700 American troops by an equal number of Latin Americans, which will still leave almost 20,000

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United States personnel in the island republic.

Yet even so, the status of the latter has changed subtly but significantly, even with the first arrival of a 600-man Brazilian contingent. The Americans may still be numerically an overwhelming majority, but they are now on the ground under the aegis of the Organization of American States, rather than under that of the State Department in Washington.

This is a change of whose necessity Washington itself has been becoming increasingly conscious, in the Dominican Republic as in South Vietnam.

In the latter case, recent publicity from the State Department has stressed the number of countries associated with the United States in opposing Communism from North Vietnam; and a similar defense against charges of "going it alone" is to be seen in the emphasis on the fact that it is now the OAS which is responsible for peace-keeping and the encouragement of talks in Santo Domingo.

Negotiations apparently still have a long and rough road to travel, with the United States, as usual, bearing the brunt of the criticisms of both sides for favoring the other.

To General Imbert, the present leader of the junta, the United States is the spearhead of "open interference" in Dominican affairs. To the rebel group headed by Colonel Caamaño, the very fact that it is still referred to by Washington as "insurgents" is an insult, since "it denies our constitutional position."

Nonetheless, the latest news indicates the hope that underneath the exchange of epithets there may be a dawning hope. If there is genuine agreement that any new government must avoid the extremes of both left and right of the political spectrum, then that much has been gained. —*Chronicle-Herald.*

BOGOTA:

Chaos in Santo Domingo

WHAT SEEMED TO BE reborn into liberty is crushed now by violence. History takes another step backwards. . . .

We do not wish to understate the reasons that prompted President Johnson's tragic step. But the sending of his Marines, behind the back of an organization (the OAS) to which the U.S. belongs . . . , implies a blunder of catastrophic proportions. . . . It is clear that the U.S. could not have looked with indifference on the possibility of a new Cuba in its neighborhood. But there was no proof that this was the risk. What was happening was precisely a return to the constitutionalism represented by Juan Bosch in exile. . . .

The famous "Johnson doctrine," which is nothing but an implemented and corrected version of the unilateral Monroe doctrine, invokes the right to intervention by exclusive definition from Washington, based upon a condition of emergency. . . . Today the situation is much more serious than it was before the landing of the Marines. Anarchy has replaced civil war, and with it chaos. . . .

—*El Tiempo.*

EDINBURGH:

Weighing the Risks

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S foreign policy and his curt attitude to foreign leaders have not helped his reputation abroad; but his handling of the Vietnam war and the Dominican intervention has not reduced his popularity at home. Liberal criticism has been vocal, but the electorate in general still listens to and supports the President. He inherited the Vietnam crisis, and the policy which was operative before the Presidential elections had to be changed. There were risks in adopting a tougher line, but the opposite risks were worse.

Mr. Johnson, however, shoulders all the responsibility for the United States involvement in the Dominican crisis. General Imbert must take most of the blame for prolonging that crisis, but he gained and maintained power only thanks to United States intervention. It is surely not impossible for the United States to depose him; and in that case the world and most Dominicans would for once applaud Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson is right to regard the interests and opinions of his own people more highly than the opinions of General de Gaulle . . ., but he has done nothing to educate them to take a more rational view of Fidel Castro. President Kennedy, if he had lived, might have managed this; and it is significant that his brother Robert has criticized the Dominican episode. —*The Scotsman.*

WARSAW:

The Johnson Doctrine

A NEW EXPRESSION has recently appeared in the U.S. press, namely the "Johnson Doctrine." It refers to the principles that the U.S. President is using in his foreign policy. The origin of this policy goes back to nineteenth-century concepts of U.S. imperialism, which were formulated by Theodore Roosevelt, and to the Cold War theories of John Foster Dulles. Great similarity exists between the Dulles and the Johnson doctrines. For both build their arguments on

Two Leaders: It was President Kennedy's merit that he believed that policy should not only be thoroughly thought out but that it should be manifestly seen to be thought out. The way he carried out this working principle was an immense reassurance to America's allies and to America's intellectuals.

President Johnson has almost all the same machinery of advice as Mr. Kennedy, and it still works; but he is often unfair to himself in the way he projects himself as an impulsive, impatient man, suspicious of too much. That is the first of the differences which have raised many anxious questions abroad. The second goes deeper.

Mr. Kennedy, who could be as firm as anyone where needed—as Cuba showed—seemed to be aware that a strong, progressive left-wing party is in many countries the best defense against Communism—certainly better, because more enduring, than a right-wing military rule. President Johnson in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic has felt called on to intervene with strong military force and to support, even against his will, right-wing forces. In Vietnam, caught between an inability to withdraw his forces, which would be highly damaging, and the refusal of the other side to come to terms, he is going on with the bombing of North Vietnam to persuade the Northerners to talk. Yet so far, to judge from the words of the Communist side, he has made discussions more difficult to achieve. That does not mean that the last word has been said. Another, and longer, pause in the bombing could bring a change. In the meantime, the very unpopularity of American policy, and President Johnson's impatience with critics, raises a question about the effectiveness of consultation.

If the United States is to remain formal leader of the Atlantic Alliance and informal leader of a wider association of non-Communist countries, there should be a wider agreement on the basic principles of policy and the methods of coping with emergencies. Then, if a quick response is required, the United States as the strongest power of the West can respond in a way likely to carry more of the world with her. The consultation that goes on between emergencies can be no less important than what happens in the crises. —*The Times, London.*

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the necessity of resistance to Communism by means of armed interventions.

Johnson, like Dulles in his time, reserves for himself the right to make the decision about what is to be recognized as a Communist threat. As is shown by the example of the Congo, Vietnam, and the Dominican Republic, Johnson is arbitrary in including in this concept every national liberation movement.

—*Radio Warsaw.*

LONDON:

Ends and Means

THE DECISION [to allow ground forces in Vietnam to fight in support of Vietnamese troops when necessary] takes its place in the series of steps that began with the retaliation for the attacks on American ships in the Gulf of Tonkin and led up to the bombing of the North. Like all these, it is an attempt to demonstrate American determination. Like all these, too, it amounts to a recognition that the previous step has failed. Unlike the previous step, however, this one risks infecting the American man-in-the-street with the same doubts and fears that are already being expressed in Congress and among intellectuals.

No one doubts that the President's intentions are honorable and specific. What is questioned is the means by which they are pursued and the assumptions that lie behind them. As in the Cuban missile crisis, it is hoped that a show of determination will establish a mutual understanding of the rules of coexistence and thus foster world peace. The critics fear the reverse effect. They believe Vietnam is the wrong place for a confrontation. They fear that the United States is eroding its moral standing and wonder, in short, whether President Johnson knows where he is going and where to stop. . . . —*The Times.*

LONDON:

The Teach-Ins

THE AMERICAN university revolt against President Johnson's foreign policy is the most hopeful sign of our time. It amounts to a battle between educated people and Johnson. Gone are the days when intelligence found a footing in the White House and the intellectual public assumed that the President was offering it leadership. The British press has only just caught up with the size and the significance of this awakening. "Teach-ins," as these serious political discussions are called, have been held in many parts of the country; about 100 campuses are involved. At a recent teach-in at Berkeley, about 15,000 students were present and there were 700 professors, including the best-known and most respectable names in academic life. Some 4-5,000 students took part in the Washington teach-in. The principal speeches were repeated three times on the radio; they were also made into gramophone records. It seems now that a new generation is growing up, untroubled both by McCarthyism and Stalinism; it is neither afraid nor accused of Communism, and it does not suffer, like radicals in the past, from having put its intellectual and moral money on the wrong horse. It is no doubt naïve. But it is troubled by a conscience that makes it morally uncomfortable to be physically comfortable, while its country, which might have the power to save the world from destruction, seems hell-bent on hastening it.

—*New Statesman.*

Flood Tide: Every President of the United States goes through a sticky patch before he really settles down into power. Something goes wrong, usually a venture he jumps into without looking where his feet are pulling him; he gets nervy, and shows it; and for a time, before he recovers his sense of direction, quite a lot of people mutter darkly about "those bloody Americans." John Kennedy had his *mauvais quart d'heure* between April and June 1961, from the Bay of Pigs invasion fiasco to the Vienna meeting where Mr. Khrushchev bullied him. Last weekend the British press belatedly woke up to the realization that life with LBJ was not going to be all the roses some people had blithely assumed it would be. The fact is that several different criticisms of American policy, some valid and some not, have lately flowed together to raise the anti-American water level to a height that calls for some deft flood-diversion work by the President soon.

In some places this work has begun. Quite possibly, though it is too late to prove it, the American intervention in the Dominican Republic was never necessary. Having intervened, however, the United States is now pricklingly aware of the need to lower the raised eyebrows it finds itself surrounded by, and is groping around for ways of involving the Latin Americans in the attempt to keep Communism out of the Western Hemisphere. In Europe the reasonable criticism of the Americans since last November is rather different. It is that they throw their weight around too much when it comes to selling arms, and do not throw it around enough when it comes to rallying Europeans against the ideas of President de Gaulle. Mr. McNamara, the Secretary of Defense, brought some words of hope on both these fronts when he came to Paris for the NATO defense ministers' meeting. . . .

—*The Economist, London.*

NAPLES:

The Manhattan Mystique

THIS CITY [New York], monumental and implacable, is the true native land of all those who have not remained to rot, blind and deaf, in their petty provincial prejudices. The skyscrapers look like churches and the churches like banks—a perfect circle. Every single thing is frighteningly similar to the next, and together they form a new world, the mirror in which are reflected all our individual worlds and all our tomorrows.

—*Antonio Ghirelli in Nord-Sud.*

TOKYO:

Western Wonders

WE HAVE BEEN given occasion of late to reminisce on the history of cultural diffusion between this and the other side of the Pacific.

Word has come that Japanese actors are to be cast for roles as American Indians in a Hollywood Western scheduled for shooting this summer. This is a milestone. It marks something of a fulfillment, a notable recognition or possibly an ethnological coming full circle.

In this generation's memory, the reopening of Japan's windows onto the world following the end of World War II meant, as much as anything else, the privilege to enjoy Western films again. We mean specifically Westerns, of course, that most enduring of screen genres.

The idea that Japanese would be invited—indeed sought—to perform in one of these productions would have seemed fantastic. Membership in the United Nations, yes; trade pacts and cultural exchange programs, too; one by one, all of the privileges of a fully respected nation. But this?

According to the report, the distinguished American film producer Fred Zinnemann thinks Japanese might do better than Indians at acting the Indians' parts in recreating the famous story of General Armstrong Custer. But a primary factor seems to be similarities in physical features. This, of course, is no mere accident, as ethnologists tell us.

Eons have passed since our ancestor cousins made their way over the Arctic ice bridge to inhabit the American continent. Now we are called upon to represent them in their last glory.

What possibly could happen to us next? —*Japan Times.*

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Quincy Porter—"a flair for writing idiomatic music for the instrument" (viola).

AMERICANS FROM VIENNA

By OLIVER DANIEL

SHORTLY AFTER the end of World War II, while Vienna was still bedazed by its Four-Power occupation, recording companies from many countries descended upon it. There were obvious advantages. The scale for musicians was very low and the hard-working members of the Wiener Symphoniker were assembled in what were usually makeshift studios to record practically around the clock. Some of these recording sessions were quite haphazard and often there was little regard for proper balance and any liveness of sound.

But one of the best projects carried out in Vienna at this time was that of the American Recording Society, which, through a grant from the Alice M. Ditson Fund of Columbia University—a small grant at that, a mere $5,000—recorded an impressive number of orchestral scores by American composers. Conductors Dean Dixon and Walter Hendl did most of the works, and William Strickland and several relatively unknown European conductors rounded out the series. The discs were released on a subscription basis and an unprecedented number were sold. Although they have not been available for many years, they are now being re-released on the Desto label. The ten discs currently available contain works by Ives, Copland, Sessions, Harris, Schuman, Thomson, Ward, Thompson, Cowell, Carpenter, Converse, Moross, Bloch, Powell, Mason, Porter, Piston, Parker, Dello Joio, Bacon, and Wagenaar. It is indeed an impressive list.

Collectors were most grateful to the Ditson Fund and to all concerned for the original release of these works, for they were unique at the time. We are grateful, too, for their re-release, since they are in a sense historical documents. But gratitude is notably the weakest of all virtues, and if we declare a moratorium on it at this point we may be able to assess the merits and demerits of these discs more objectively.

PERHAPS the fundamental problem lies in the fact that too much was attempted for too little. Where the sound is concerned, the discs range from inadequate to dreadful. And to issue such badly recorded monaural discs as stereo recordings verges on petty larceny. The phrase used is "bisonic stereo" (whatever that is), with an explanatory footnote to the effect that they are "electronically reprocessed from monaural tapes." Granted, they are sonically bad. But there is an even worse thing that plagues them. The performances themselves often verge on the slipshod and amount to little more than sight-reading by players totally unfamiliar with this repertory. Obviously adequate rehearsal was not compatible with the budget.

Nevertheless, this series was of great importance in its time, and some of the works in it are still not available elsewhere. One of these rarities is the *Hora Novissima*, by Horatio Parker, a work written in 1893. Much has been written about it and if one hears it as the critics a half century ago did, it is a masterpiece. Audiences at the time were "deeply moved." *Hora Novissima* is a perfect example of an establishment-approved work, a perfect example of "good" music that in the end is an absolute bore. Parker was a great prize-winner in his day: $10,000 for his opera *Mona* and a similar amount for another oblivion-slated work called, awkwardly enough, *Fairyland*.

As a companion to the Parker work (which occupies three sides of two discs) we have Norman Dello Joio's attractive *Serenade for Orchestra*. Remembered as the accompaniment for Martha Graham's *Diversion of Angels*, it may seem a bit naked without its stage trappings. But it is a work of considerable lyric beauty and a fine example of the youthful Dello Joio. Neither of these works is to be found elsewhere.

This also applies to the Piston-Porter combination: the Concerto for Viola and Orchestra by Porter, the Symphony No. 2 by Piston. This is a real collector's

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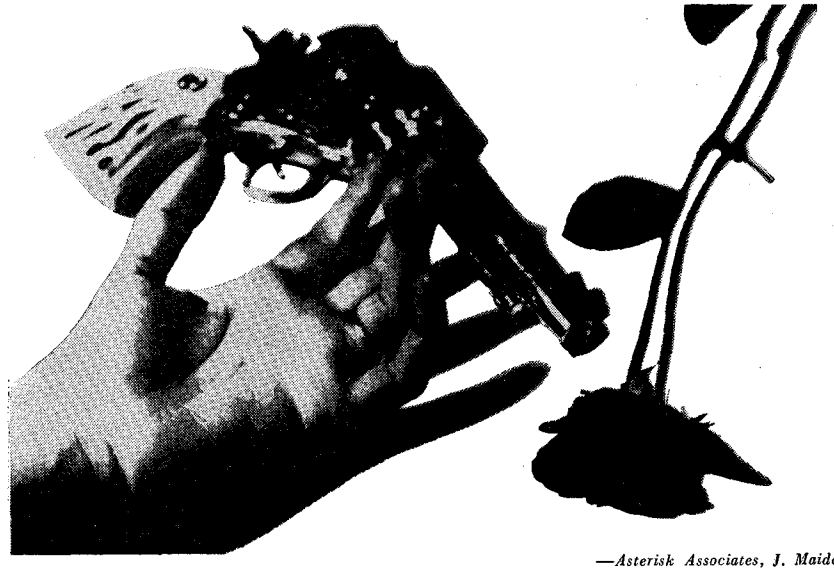
item, and one can overlook any inadequacies. Both works are fine examples of these two distinguished composers. Porter, a violist himself, naturally has a flair for writing idiomatic music for the instrument. Its long-breathed melodic lines are most appealing and the orchestral textures are knit together with a Hindemithian skill. Piston's early Second Symphony is a well-balanced, admirably constructed work filled with a freshness and spring-day élan. The reappearance of this recording might help to change the fate of these two splendid works, which are rarely heard in live performances.

Equally neglected are two symphonies that appear on another disc: Randall Thompson's Second and Henry Cowell's Fifth. The Thompson work created quite a stir when it first appeared, and for a while it was performed quite frequently. Although it is a "big" work, a four-movement symphony, it is not a complicated one. The thirty-five years that have elapsed since Thompson began writing it have brought about so many changes that it now sounds old-fashioned in a most agreeable way. It has a real American flavor without being burdened with folksiness.

Cowell's Fifth Symphony, like most of his other works, is crammed with great spurts of originality. In it Cowell attempts to weld the music of various alien musical cultures into some kind of cohesive unit. While the idea may be entirely valid, it does not seem to be too successful here, and I for one am somewhat disturbed by the incompatibility of many of the disparate elements. But one cannot deny that the musical melting pot he has concocted has considerable charm. The second movement of this four-movement symphony is an Andante of extraordinary lyric beauty. While the symphony as a whole is literally unknown and has had practically no public performances, this slow movement at one point achieved a remarkable popularity when it was used as part of the background music for the *Omnibus* TV program. It elicited considerable response from listeners who wanted the music identified. The presto is typical Irishy Cowell, and the concluding movement is full of broad, long-lined melody. Only if one has heard this work in actual performance can he realize how badly it suffers in this poor recording. But for the time being this is the only available version of these two fine works.

Copland's *Appalachian Spring* is available, according to current listings, in seven different versions—including Copland conducting the Boston Symphony. Others are by Bernstein, Dorati, Ormandy, Mitchell, Abravanel, and Gould. And of Ives's *Three Places in New England* there are excellent versions by Howard Hanson with the Eastman-Rochester Symphony and Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Regrettably, these Desto versions cannot stand comparison with the other more recent and superior recordings. It might have been better to have left this LP in hiding.



—*Asterisk Associates, J. Maidoff.*

From the cover of "The Scandalous Life of Frankie and Johnny."

Today, works by John Alden Carpenter and Frederick Converse seem a bit quaint. Carpenter's ballet *Skyscrapers*, which goes back to 1926, has some of the self-conscious overjoy of the roaring Twenties. Roar it does not, but it dances along merrily with snatches of old tunes remembered and bits of jazz discreetly interwoven. Like Ives and Claflin, Carpenter was a businessman composer and a skillful one, too. Converse was one of the esteemed academicians and belonged to what is often called the New England school. In 1938 Converse is quoted as saying, "I am through with the extravagant elements of modern music. No more experimentation of that sort for me. It is already old-fashioned." But not half so old-fashioned as Converse seems to us today. His tone poem *The Mystic Trumpeter*, Op. 19, which is subtitled *Fantasy After a Poem by Walt Whitman*, was begun in 1903 and even by the standards of his day must have seemed quite conventional. Converse's humor and experimentation were both quite tame. He once composed a work called *Flivver Ten Million*, which was inspired by the slogan "The Ten-Millionth Ford is now Serving America."

There can be but one excuse for reissuing Sessions's *The Black Maskers*, Harris's Symphony No. 3, and Schuman's *Festival Overture*—the current unavailability of the latter work. Although Walter Hendl has done a fine job with all of these works, they simply are not up to present-day standards.

The combination of Virgil Thomson's *The River* and Robert Ward's *First Symphony* is a happier matter. *The River*, of course, cannot be compared to the superb recording recently made by Stokowski, but the sound on the old version is not too bad, and the wit, charm, and pleasant folk-quality that Thomson has given it come through successfully. Ward's Symphony is an important first by a composer who has chosen to let his works flow in mid-stream, drawing from the past and skillfully making them fit into the present. It is broad, flowing music that was more the accepted norm of the time of its birth than it is today, even though that time was of the recent past. This is one of the more rewarding of these re-releases.

Another work that has never been available except in this series is *The Scandalous Life of Frankie and Johnny*. Back in 1938, when it was composed, the name Moross was heard more frequently in the serious music field than it is today. Moross has since figured brilliantly on the Broadway stage and in other commercial areas. As a ballet, *Frankie and Johnny* was an amusing and, for a while, a highly successful piece. It still sounds quite slick, bright, and attractive. Its bawdy dances do not cry out for elaborate sonic treatment, and hence this recording is quite acceptable. The *Indian Suite*, by Edward MacDowell, on the reverse side, is agreeable —as it should be.

The combination of three works by Bloch, Powell, and Mason is also rewarding. Neither John Powell's *Rhapsody Negre for Piano and Orchestra* nor Daniel Mason's *Chanticleer* is available elsewhere, and Ernest Bloch's *Three Jewish Poems* are currently listed on only one other recording. The Bloch *Poems* have been curiously neglected. While they are somewhat slight, they are nevertheless among his finest works. The *Rhapsody Negre* by John Powell is eclectic in a rather unskilful way. Powell was an impressive pianist and frequently used this work as a vehicle for himself. It

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combines a number of obvious American spirituals in a rambling, rhapsodic manner. Daniel Gregory Mason's *Chanticleer* is a fine, bright work that at one time figured on numerous programs of the New York Philharmonic under the baton of Bruno Walter. It seemed to be a far better piece then than it does on this recording, but it is still a good example of conventional music of its time.

Bernard Wagenaar's Symphony No. 4 is also a piece of academic know-how but relatively little distinction. One cannot deny that Wagenaar was a skillful composer, and the work is a quite agreeable discovery when one comes upon it for the first time. *Ford's Theater* by Ernst Bacon is a real, rough-hewn work that has something of the yawp that Whitman would have liked. It is both charming and unpretentious.

CHARLES IVES: *"Three Places in New England."* AARON COPLAND: *Orchestral Suite from the Ballet "Appalachian Spring."* Desto D-403, $4.98; stereo DST-6403, $5.98.

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QUINCY PORTER: *Concerto for Viola and Orchestra.* WALTER PISTON: *Symphony No. 1.* Desto D-410, $4.98; stereo DST-6410, $5.98.

HORATIO PARKER: *"Hora Novissima."* NORMAN DELLO JOIO: *Serenade for Orchestra.* Desto D-413, $4.98; stereo DST-6413, $5.98.

ERNST BACON: *"Ford's Theater."* BERNARD WAGENAAR: *Symphony No. 4.* Desto D-415, $4.98; stereo DST-6415, $5.98.

Culture from Patagonia

LIKE MOST record devotees, whether they write about the subject or not, I make the rounds of certain shops from time to time on the chance that some rare cutout will turn up, or perhaps an import that has not come to attention previously. During some recent excursions I have encountered three Period sets, lingered over them a moment, and pondered the ways in which these versions of Verdi's *La Traviata* (TE 1092, $3.49), *Rigoletto* (TE 1112, $3.49) and Mozart's *Entführung aus dem Serail* (TE-2 1102, $3.49) might differ from others.

What interested me about them most of all was the credits: all were labeled as performances from the Patagonia Festival, which suggested a Jolly Roger indeed. Unless Period had in mind Patagonia, Arizona (pop. 700), which seemed somehow unlikely, then the Festival must be situated in Argentina.

The credits further state that these Patagonia Festival performances are conducted by Ralph de Cross and feature such great anonymities as Claudia Terrasini. Paolo Rossi, Ugo Vitale, and Magda Walbrunn, not to mention the "celebrated" Franz Kothner. Though the idea of Terrasini's Violetta originating somewhere south of the fortieth parallel was undeniably tempting, curiosity was never sufficient to buy the album and investigate—never, that is, until recently.

It happened several weeks ago that a record-playing séance with a fellow collector led to a renewal of the favorite pastime called "Name the Singer." My score had not been too bad. In fact I had managed rather well, I thought, in identifying Lily Pons's early Odeon of "Mi chiamano Mimi," Margaret Truman's "Batti batti," Sena Jurinac's *Butterfly* duet with Peter Anders, and Dorothy Kirsten's *Embraceable You* (though, in all fairness, I should mention being baffled by Fedora Barbieri's *Caro mio ben*). Then my friend announced: "I'll give you twenty-five dollars if you can get this one."

"This one" was "Ah! fors è lui" from *Traviata*. At the first note a wave of confidence swept over me. The lady who was singing, and singing superbly, was, without a doubt, Virginia Zeani, I thought. I'd know that voice anywhere. Triumphantly I hurled her name at him. "Am I right?" I asked. "I wish I knew," replied my friend, and produced the Patagonia Festival version of *Traviata*.

There was little doubt that the soprano was not Claudia Terrasini. I was positive, even if my friend wasn't, that it was Zeani. The next morning I rushed out to buy the Period *Traviata*, and while at it, picked up the other two as well. I called a rabid Zeani fan of my acquaintance, who had heard her sing four *Traviatas* in Montreal last fall, and told him about the set. He rushed out, bought two copies, and called back to say he had never heard Zeani sound better. We compared notes further and decided that the tenor was probably Gianni Raimondi, and he felt that the Germont *père* was Ettore Bastianini, though I wasn't convinced.

Suddenly I remembered the DGG *Traviata* with Bastianini in the same role. Sure enough, it was Bastianini, in Patagonia, or wherever. But as I listened, disbelief turned to incredulity. The two performances were identical. Miss Zeani was not Miss Zeani at all, but Renata Scotto. In fact, note for note, voice for voice, the two issues were identical, though Period had thriftily reduced the three DGG LPs to two.

Chagrined but fearless, I turned to Period's *Rigoletto* fully expecting a remastering of the Scotto-Bastianini-Kraus on Mercury. No luck. Not only was it not the Mercury *Rigoletto*, but not any other *Rigoletto* in Schwann. In fact, none of the voices suggested an identity to me. The soprano was good but not exceptional. I played the set for several friends with no progress toward a solution. Then a fan of the Italian radio listened, and broke the news. The Period-Patagonia *Rigoletto* was indeed from an Italian original, and the soprano was—Virginia Zeani! The other leads were sung by tenor Carlo Zampighi and baritone Aldo Protti.

At this point my investigations broke down, since I had run out of friends. I am not going to hazard even a guess about the Period-Patagonia *Entführung*. Let someone else try. —JOHN ARDOIN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Martin Bernheimer, who has, is guessing that it was a pickup (possibly in Patagonia) of a broadcast from the Salzburg Festival of 1961, in which Ruth-Margret Pütz ("Magda Walbrunn") sang Constanze, Fritz Wunderlich ("Peter Borner") was Belmonte, Georg Litassy ("Casper Jurgens") was Osmin, Erwin Wolfahrt ("Kothner") was Pedrillo, with Renate Holm ("Friedericke Benda") as Blondchen, and Istvan Kertész conducting.*

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J. Strauss: All in the Family

By RICHARD FREED

VOX has just released, without preliminary fanfare, a new "Vox Box" of three discs devoted to *Music of the Strauss Family*, played by a presumably Viennese orchestra conducted by Eduard Strauss (SVBX-5600, stereo; VBX-600, mono; $9.95 for either). Six sides of waltzes, polkas, marches, galops, etc., would be an imposing collection in any case, but the modest note, "Volume 1," appended to the album title carries such implications, such promise as to stagger the imagination.

It is Vox, of course, that must be credited with inaugurating what was termed "the Age of Complete" in the early years of microgroove. The Vox penchant for thoroughness gave us Vivaldi, Corelli, Handel, Torelli, and Geminiani concertos by the dozen and demidozen, and the current catalogue of three-disc "Vox Boxes" includes not only such single-volume entities as the Bartók quartets and the Mozart quintets, but an astonishing array of multibox projects.

There are, among others, a three-box sequence of the Mozart quartets played by the Barchet Quartet, four boxes in which Rena Kyriakou and others present all of Mendelssohn's piano music and six boxes of Beethoven's played by Alfred Brendel. Other six-box series are Walter Kraft's survey of Bach's organ music and Martin Galling's of the same composer's clavier works. Now the Dekány Quartet has undertaken the complete quartets of Haydn, to run to *ten* boxes.

The first appearance of Johann Strauss and his brothers amid this profusion of comprehensiveness is enough to set many a heart beating faster (in three-quarter time, of course) and discographical statisticians to calculating where it will all end. Assuming that the stage works are to be omitted, the project could still dwarf Fernando Valenti's Scarlatti marathon for Westminster and the Haydn quartets combined.

The catalogue of the Waltz King, after all, extends to more than 500 compositions. His brother Josef completed 283 works, their father (Johann I) 251. Eduard, the youngest brother, accounted for more than 250 dances, and his son Johann III turned out more than a few himself, though he was best known as the last conductor of the great Strauss orchestras (one of whose violinists, more than fifty years ago, was a teen-ager from Boston named Arthur Fiedler, who has since become a formidable Strauss authority himself).

The Eduard Strauss who conducts the Vox recordings is this last Johann's son, the original Eduard's grandson, and thus the great-nephew of the Waltz King himself. More than a decade ago some of his recordings appeared here on the Epic label, marking him then as a worthy musical spokesman for his illustrious forebears. He has also recorded two singles for Vox and, despite variations in orchestral nomenclature (the singles were attributed to the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and the Innsbruck Symphony), two of the six sides in the new set seem to be derived from those earlier releases.

There are twenty-five items represented in the set, eighteen by Johann II and seven by Josef, offering a balanced assortment of the familiar and unfamiliar. In the latter category is a piece not even mentioned in the liner's tabulation of titles, but gratifyingly present to open Side 6: the Overture to *Cagliostro in Wien*. Last heard in greatly abridged form on a Victor black-label 78 called "The Immortal Johann Strauss" (played by a "Viennese Waltz Orchestra" rumored to have been the *Philharmoniker*), it is, *in toto*, a handsome addition to the Strauss stereo discography.

Two more rarities on the same side are the polka-mazur *Lob der Frauen* (Opus 315) and the waltzes *Seid umschlungen, Millionen!* (Opus 443), both by Johann. Although the latter, dedicated to Brahms, is a large-scale, mature piece, its only previous phonographic appearance seems to have been on an old Remington ten-inch LP that offered a transfer of Clemens Krauss's dimly recorded Ultraphon version. (Curiously, in the way such things have been happening in the record world, another recording has just materialized on Vanguard; see below.)

Mention of Krauss is a reminder that the name Strauss alone is no guarantee in itself of supremacy in the interpretation of this wonderful music. There have been several conductors, numbered among the really great ones of this century (Krauss, Bruno Walter, Reiner, Weingartner, Beecham, Kleiber, *et al.*) who have left us some glorious memories (and, fortunately, recordings) not to be challenged by so trivial a circumstance as a blood relationship to the composer.

Eduard Strauss, however, is evidently a serious musician, and seriously devoted to his ancestors' musical legacy. His readings have more vigor than some by Josef Krips or Willi Boskovsky, and more suavity than those of Anton Paulik. His choice of tempos, his caressing but unsentimentalized phrasing, and his observance of repeats all suggest the Krauss approach. If such items as Josef's *Feuerfest* and Johann's *Eljén a Mágyar!* indicate that he has yet to attain Krauss's consummate elegance, his uncommonly persuasive handling of the *Liebeslieder Walzer* (Johann, Opus 114) shows how close he has come.

The question of texts, which involves more than the mere matter of repeats, is no less important to a Strauss devotee than to a Bruckner buff. So eminent a Straussian as the late Fritz Reiner distorted his otherwise superb recording of the *Kaiserwalzer* by cutting its poetic coda, and even Franz Salmhofer (a really great Strauss man, who has not been heard from on records since his Epic material was withdrawn) made a similar cut in the fragrant *Zitronenwalzer*, which he recorded under the imprimatur of the Johann Strauss Society of Vienna.

It is a pleasure to report that nearly all of Eduard Strauss's performances are scrupulously complete. The *Kaiserwalzer's* coda is intact, rounding out a beautiful and majestic performance. Anton Karas plays the zither solo in *G'schichten aus dem Wienerwald* with his customary eloquence (can a recording of this waltz be made without Karas, or one of Kodaly's *Háry János* without John Leach on cymbalom?), and the advantage of observing all the repeats in such a waltz-poem as *Künstlerleben* is made luminously apparent by the exquisitely balanced ten-minute version heard here.

The lapses are few, and only one of them serious. There is no spoken *"Und so weiter"* at the end of Johann's famous *Perpetuum Mobile* (so aptly characterized by Klaus George Roy as "a miniature concerto for orchestra") and no laughter from the orchestra in Josef's *Ohne Sorgen*. Of far greater conse-

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Time for Dance in Stockholm

STOCKHOLM.

THE Royal Swedish Ballet held its first festival in Stockholm early in June—a rather belated event for a company that has been in continuous existence since 1773. To exist, however, is not necessarily to flourish, and in the course of its history the ensemble has made few bids for international recognition. The present resurgence has gathered momentum slowly, but this year the company felt that the time had come. On the whole, they were right.

The festival, while not altogether brilliant, was a good one. There were some creditable performances of classical works and some even better ones of contemporary ballets. Even more important is the potential. Stockholm now is full of artistic stirrings—in theater, in music in films, in television. As usual, ballet has lagged a little behind. But the fever is catching.

The festival showed that the Royal Swedish Ballet has several notable assets. In Birgit Cullberg it has a justifiably famous native choreographer. It has ballets by Antony Tudor that are not being performed anywhere else. In Brian Macdonald, the Canadian choreographer, the company has a gifted and enthusiastic new director. In Mariane Orlando it has a real ballerina. And there are several promising young soloists.

There are weaknesses, of course. The technical level of the corps de ballet could still be raised considerably, especially for the classics and for works like George Balanchine's *Symphony in C*, which they are not really equipped to perform. The men, particularly, need strength. Fortunately, no one knows this better than Macdonald, and he is a very determined young man. Technical conditions are likely to improve.

The programing could have been better. Of the thirteen ballets performed, some could have been happily eliminated. A single viewing apiece for the works of Cullberg and Tudor was hardly enough, and a repetition of any one of them would have been a welcome substitute for the tired *Gaité Parisienne*. Still, a single viewing is something.

The Tudor ballets were a special attraction of the festival: *Pillar of Fire*, because America has seen no one other than Nora Kaye in the role of Hagar, *Echoes of Trumpets*, because it is done only by this company. In the former, Miss Orlando played the heroine as a frustrated but gently sympathetic woman—a softer, less neurotic interpretation than Kaye's, though no less valid. Yvonne Brosset was especially good as the frivolous younger sister. The ballet itself lacked the high-strung tension that it once had, but its impact has not diminished.

Echoes of Trumpets, which Tudor created for the Swedish Ballet in 1963, is certainly the most important work he has done in many years. Based on the Nazi destruction of Lidice, set to Martinu's *Fantasies symphoniques*, and danced against the bleak design of a stone bridge, the ballet is a study in the conflict of love and brutality. The characterizations here, like those in *Dark Elegies*, are generalized. The women are symbols of courageous devotion. The men are cruel in action—menacing the girls from the top of the bridge, then dragging them into the caves beneath it. Most of the treatment is direct rather than subtle, but there are moments of great poetic beauty, as in the tender duet for a single girl and her escaped lover. Though Tudor does not consistently find the telling, dramatically motivated movement that once distinguished his works, he achieves it often enough to make *Echoes of Trumpets* a compelling ballet.

—*Rydberg.*

Mariane Orlando, right (with Svante Lindberg in *Echoes of Trumpets*)—". . . a real ballerina."

Like Tudor, Birgit Cullberg is a dramatic choreographer. Often drawing her themes from Scandinavian literature and legend, she has a thoroughly individual and contemporary approach. The Swedish dancers perform her ballets with conviction and understanding. *Lady from the Sea* was extremely well danced, but *Miss Julie*—a stronger ballet to begin with—emerged with special force. Berit Sköld was the imperious mistress, with Conny Borg as the butler whom she seduces. Both achieved fully realized, dynamic characterizations.

Brian Macdonald contributed two new works for the festival. *While the Spider Slept* was the more ambitious, but less interesting, being too reminiscent of a number of other recent works on the *Age of Anxiety* type of theme. However, his use of a complex score by the Swedish composer Maurice Karkoff was impressive. *Octet*, to the music of Schubert, was neoclassical in style but original in conception. The movement was inventive and admirably suited to the capabilities of the bright young cast, among whom the lyrical Annette Wiedersheim-Paul and the sprightly Hervor Sjöstrand were especially notable. The

(*Continued on page 65*)

—*Rydberg.*

***Aimez-vous Bach?* choreographed by Brian Macdonald—"a gifted and enthusiastic new director."**

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Recordings in Review

Horowitz In Carnegie

BACH-BUSONI: *Toccata in C.* SCHUMANN: *Fantasy in C, Op. 17.* SCRIABIN: *Sonata No. 9; Poem in F sharp (Op. 32, No. 1).* CHOPIN: *Mazurka in C sharp minor (Op. 30, No. 4); Etude in F (Op. 10, No. 8); Ballade in G minor, Op. 23.* DEBUSSY: *"Serenade for the Doll."* SCRIABIN: *Etude in C sharp minor (Op. 2, No. 1).* MOSZKOWSKI: *Etude in A flat (Op. 72, No. 11).* SCHUMANN: *"Träumerei" Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* Columbia MZL 328, $9.98; stereo MZS 728, $11.98.

The multitudes who will hear this public disclosure of what has, to this time, been the private property of those who were able to squeeze into Carnegie Hall on the afternoon of May 9 may well wonder: Why the tumult and the shouting? Is this not the quality of performance that Horowitz has been doing for lo these many years? The answer is an unequivocal yes. But, clearly, it was not so much a matter of who and what, but where and when.

Now that it is all accomplished, some of those who were shouting the loudest may conclude, on reflection, that what they were attending was, in effect, a public recording session. The segments of the program, up to and including the encores, fit neatly on four sides of the two discs, allowing for as much applause as Columbia chose to incorporate proportionate to the length of the contents.

Since the quality of the performance has long since been established by the consensus of those reporting upon it, some attention might be directed to the quality of the applause. It begins with more than cordiality, indeed, with a kind of heroic "Welcome home." After the Toccata, it is congratulatory, and after the Fantasy, on the verge of fervent. The temperature rises appreciably following the intermission, beginning with the Scriabin; but it erupts into turmoil for the first time only after the Chopin Etude—which shows exactly where the mass heart of this throng was: at the feet of one who could make the keys dance with the swiftness and articulation of a Horowitz. Taken together, it is an hour and a half of stunning piano playing, up to and including the final *Träumerei,* which is, in the words of a familiar source, such stuff as dreams are made on.

Carter For Harpsichord

CARTER: *Sonata.* ROREM: *"Lovers."* SAGUET: *"Suite Royale."* FALLA: *Concerto. Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord, with Samuel Baron, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; David Glazer, clarinet; Matthew Raimondi, violin; Alexander Kouguell, and Harold Farberman, percussion.* Decca DL 10108, $4.98; stereo DL 710108, $5.98.

Elliott Carter—". . . a fordained mode of expression for him."

Sylvia Marlowe's devotion to the instrument of her choice is reflected not only in what she has taken out of the repertory to her benefit, but also what she has put back into it for the benefit of harpsichordists everywhere. In the first category on this disc, of course, is the performance of the Falla Concerto, one of the best ever. In the second are all of the other works it contains, a cross-section but by no means all of those she has commissioned. (Another group may be found on Decca 10001; stereo 710001.)

For reasons related to the manner in which Elliott Carter practices his art, the harpsichord seems a foreordained mode of expression for him. Joined with the flute, oboe, and cello, as it is here, it makes for an intensely interesting exposition of his refined, highly sensitized, and completely discriminating musical point of view. Though the work is nearly fifteen years old (an age approaching retirement for many contemporary scores), it is mint-fresh in workmanship and as completely Carter's own as the day it was written.

Rorem's *Narrative* (as his *Lovers* is subtitled) is a kind of *Begleitungsmusik,* though wholly different from the order of creation to which Schönberg gave that title. That is to say, its sequence of sections titled "Harp Street," "Before," "Melancholy," "Later," "Poignant," and "Bridge of the Arts" suggests nothing so much as excerpts from the soundtrack of an unmade film. This is not to put them down as inferior in compositional craft or seriousness of workmanship but merely to say that, like most good film scores, they ache for a visual image to complement what is heard. What is heard (with a special credit for the percussion playing of Harold Farberman) is fluently suitable to the means selected, but a shade shadowy. The Sauguet Suite, the only work for solo harpsichord on the record, is austerely appropriate to the "brief and tragic life" of Marie Antoinette, which it seeks to describe. Its personality is of the instrument more than of the composer, but Miss Marlowe does both substantial justice.

Throughout the disc, and especially in the Concerto by Falla, the engineering is productive of maximum audibility of the unusual instrumental values involved. And either the engineer, or some other skilled technician, has all but eliminated the mechanical noises that sometimes marred Miss Marlowe's recordings.

Bel Canto From Boston

PONCHIELLI: *"Suicidio!" ("La Gioconda"). Lillian Nordica, soprano.* BIZET: *"En vain pour éviter" ("Carmen"). Maria Gay, contralto.* BOITO: *"L'altra notte" ("Mefistofele"). Alice Nielsen, soprano.* ROSSINI: *"La calumnia" ("Il Barbiere"). José Mardones, basso.* DONIZETTI: *"Verrano a te" ("Lucia"). Eugenie Bronskaja, soprano, and Florencio Constantino, tenor.* MASSENET: *"L'amour est une vertu rare" ("Thaïs"). Mary Garden, soprano.* WAGNER: *"Mild und Leise" ("Tristan"). Olive Fremstad, soprano. "Note Regina è a me" ("Tristan"). Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana, tenor.* VERDI: *"Tacea la notte" ("Il Trovatore"). Celestina Boninsegna, soprano. "Ah, si ben mio" ("Il Trovatore"). Leo Slezak, tenor. "Figlia! Mio Padre!" ("Rigoletto"). Lydia Lipkowska, soprano, and Georges Baklanoff, baritone. "O patria mia" ("Aïda"). Emmy Destinn, soprano. "Niun mi tema" ("Otello"). Giovanni Zenatello, tenor. "Ave Maria" ("Otello"). Lucille Marcel, soprano.* Columbia ML 6099, $4.98 (mono only).

The operatic inundation that washed up two major companies in New York in the first decade of this century also deposited well-remembered "orphans of the storm" in Philadelphia and Chicago. What is perhaps not so well remembered is the company of major quality in Boston. It opened on November 8, 1909, (notes Philip L. Miller's exemplary commentary, borrowing from the book on the company by Quaintance Eaton which bears a 1965 publication date

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but has not yet appeared for review). During the following five years, before the beginning of World War I made its continuance impossible, it presented a wide range of operas with first-rate casts, some of which—as a *Don Giovanni* with John McCormack, Vanni Marcoux, Destinn, and Nielsen, with Felix Weingartner conducting—could not be matched at the time by the better-publicized Metropolitan or Chicago companies.

As the above listing discloses, many of the persons identified with the Boston Opera Company were operatic itinerants, brought together on this disc from a series launched shortly after the company's beginning, by the Columbia company. It coincided with an announcement of the appointment of the Boston impresario, Henry Russell, as the "consulting director of opera for the Columbia Phonograph Company," which describes the derivation of the venture accurately enough.

In certain instances, such as Destinn's "O patria mia," Slezak's "Ah, si ben mio" and Boninsegna's "Tacea la notte," the record duplicates the same or similar selections by these excellent singers that are well known to those who pursue this subject. And in other instances, such as Nordica's "Suicidio!," the abuse of musical sense is so pronounced that the singer's reputation—whatever the beauty of the sound, and this sound *is* beautiful—must be revised downward.

Among the remaining bulk, which is full of curiosity interest if nothing else about such a singer as Bronskaja, a Russian soprano who never enjoyed the reputation of Lipkowska; or Ferrari-Fontana (whose Italian *Tristan* excerpt explains his reputation for Avito in *L'Amore dei Tre Re*); or Lucille Marcel, the American wife of Weingartner, two items stand out. One is the breathtakingly beautiful singing of Garden in the *Thaïs* excerpt and the other is Fremstad's "Liebestod." The first should put aside forever—if prior recordings have not already done so—the canard that Garden had no voice to speak of and "got by" primarily on her acting. The second defines the Fremstad Isolde as perhaps the most winningly womanly of any of which there is audible evidence still available. It is not the big heaving sound of some tempestuous Princesses well-known to fame but, in its own way and on its own scale, a highly satisfactory sound to hear. One can imagine what kind of "Liebesnacht" this voice would have produced.

For the rest, I especially commend Maria Gay's Card Scene, Zenatello's dusky, fervent "Nun mi tema," and the heady, flexible baritone of Baklanoff. At the quoted price, it is a front seat for practically pennies per selection for sixteen of the most notable singers of the century. The Miller comments are typically informed and untypically extensive.

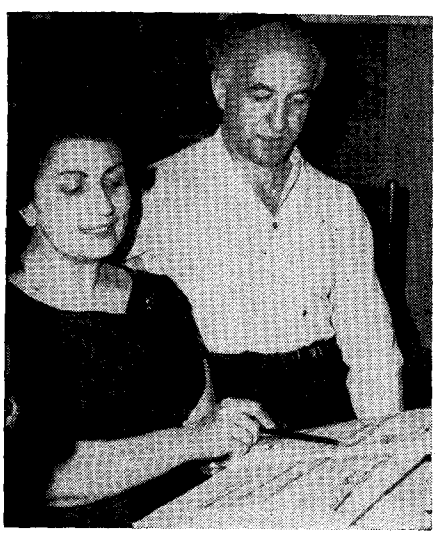
A New Mozartian

MOZART: *Concerto No. 12 in A (K. 414).* HAYDN: *Concerto in D, Op. 21. Vasso Devetzi, piano, with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Barshai.* Angel 36238, $4.98; stereo S 36238, $5.98.

One record doesn't make a career, but one record of the quality of this one automatically makes the career of the one who has made it a matter of continuing interest. "Vasso" being a name of no indicative gender, the performer could be either male or female. Certainly the art is masculine enough, but the documentation establishes this effort as the work of *Mme.* Devetzi, a native of Salonica, who now calls Paris (where she polished her art with Marguerite Long and Jacques Février) home.

To say that Mme. Devetzi's art is masculine is not to imply that she is a pianist on the power plane of her country-woman Gina Bachauer. It is, rather, to say that she has a firm, singing tone at her command, and the delicacies in which she indulges are volitional, not involuntary. In this free-flowing, flexible Mozart they are invariably supervised with the artistic taste and musicianly judgment that inclines her to play Mozart's own cadenzas. The collaboration with Barshai's group is no accidental thing, but the consequence of annual visits to the USSR since her first in 1962.

If the order of enthusiasm for Mme. Devetzi's Haydn is more *sotto voce*, it is not for lack of esteem for her artistry but because the standard for these patterns is the insuperable one of Wanda Landowska's harpsichord. Mme. Devetzi wisely does not attempt to convert the piano she uses into a likeness of something it is not, and the results are wholly agreeable. But she leaves something of the work's sentiment as well as its sparkle unaccounted for.



Vasso Devetzi (with Rudolf Barshai) —". . . free-flowing, flexible Mozart."

"Double Play" Tchaikovsky

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphonies Nos. 3 and 4. Lorin Maazel conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.* Ampex 4 T stereo Tape, LCK 80161, $11.95.

Hardly weeks after the appearance of a comment in last month's *Recordings* suggesting that as Ampex and DGG "progress in their relationship, the tapes will progress beyond a side-for-side parallel to the original issues on disc," the mail delivered some prime samples of just that thing, and from Ampex.

As not even Ampex can produce tapes, artwork, and boxes in a matter of days, it has to be recognized that this initial pairing of two Tchaikovsky symphonies (from London) on the same tape reel is responsive not to a magazine comment but to some higher power—as, for example, public demand or the hope of stimulating it. Some may say that this is not unexampled, that tape reels with more than a single symphony have been issued previously. What makes it significant, however, is that each work requires two sides of an LP *in itself* to accommodate the time (forty-one and forty-two minutes respectively) for each of the symphonies.

In a word, the tape user now is offered, in symphonic music, something of the consideration extended to him in some taped operatic issues: an uninterrupted performing span beyond the capacity of disc to equal. It has always been latent in this process, but, for reasons that have nothing to do with logic or common sense (more likely with accounting and royalty statements), tape has frozen itself into units of measurement that are the encumbrances of *another system altogether*, hence no part of its strength or capacity. The series is called "Ampex Double Play" and provides a reversing signal at the end of the music for those whose tape reproducers (Ampex) are equipped to respond. Even if this is the hidden reason for "Double Play," it confers substantial benefits.

The attractions of this particular issue are much enhanced by Maazel's leadership, which, for musical intelligence, discrimination, and general attractiveness, ranks at or close to the top of all the performances by him I have heard, recorded or otherwise. Maazel's No. 3 is swift, balanced, and well regulated, his No. 4 less than ordinarily rhetorical, with a sympathy for its lyricism. Out of it emerges the conviction that Tchaikovsky was the most unpredictable of composers, one who wrote symphonies he called ballets, and ballets he called symphonies. Maazel makes a persuasive case for the possibility that No. 3 is an instance of a ballet misnamed a symphony, but he does it as the end product of his thinking, not the point of departure.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Berlioz: *Symphonie Fantastique*. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. DGG 18964, $5.98; stereo 138964, $5.98.	A first hearing of this performance having produced no strong reactions that could be formulated into an expression of opinion, I listened to it again. The hope of hearing more was dashed. All I heard the second time was what I had heard the first time: an imposing execution of the orchestral score with some impressively individual emphasis on secondary voices and normally obscured textures, but very little that could be termed an evocation of the spirit of the work. The "*Scène aux champs*" is much quieter than the "*Marche au supplice*," and the orchestra develops a truly stupendous roar in the "*Hexensabbat*" (to quote the sleeve annotation), but it is all mathematical rather than demonic, about as impersonal as a self-service elevator. Great engineering, by any standard.
Brahms: Concerto No. 2 in B flat. Eugene Istomin, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 6115, $4.98; stereo MS 6715, $5.98.	Istomin commands the mechanics for a representative performance of this work, but he is more than slightly overmatched in respect to its architechtural and emotional dimensions. Rather than being profound, his performance tends merely to be ponderous, with no real delicacy or grace when those are needed elements. To be sure, taste may account for this variation or that, but not when it comes to "feelingful" arpeggios and other substitutes for strong, direct statement of warmth or sentiment. Ormandy, who can direct any wanted kind of treatment of the orchestral score, accords with the soloist, which may be what Istomin wants, but not this listener. Very good reproduction anyway.
Brahms: *Wiegenlied;* Gross: *Tenderly;* Coward: *Someday I'll Find You;* Lehár: *Yours is My Heart Alone;* Weill: *September Song,* etc. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2798, $4.98; stereo LSC 2798, $5.98.	There is no objection on my part to the Boston Pops toying with *Tenderly,* or adding syrup to the sweetness of *Yours Is My Heart Alone,* or even to providing a Bostonian accent for *Vienna, City of Dreams,* but must they stoop to an arrangement by Richard Hayman that adds counterpoints and inner voices to the Brahms *Lullaby*? Indeed, why coerce Brahms at all into a compilation otherwise devoted to *I Left My Heart in San Francisco, Wonderful One, Through the Years,* even *Stella by Starlight*? Thankfully, Colonel Higginson, who provided the financing to create an orchestra whose members would not have to play in the White Mountains to eke out a year-round living, isn't here to experience its present-day usage. The only difference is that instead of the men going to the mountains, the mountains have come to them. The album cover, titled *Tenderly,* is complete with little girl and kitten.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 22 in E flat, and No. 78 in C minor. Laszlo Somogyi conducting. Westminster XWN 19095, $4.98; stereo WST 17095, $5.98.	The interest of the C minor is in its position in the sequence of Haydn's 104 symphonies. Few of those in the 70s have been recorded, primarily because they were long missing from the published editions. This example (dating from 1782) begins in a manner that is, by standards of Haydn, conventional, but it gains in interest as it progresses. The best of the movements is the finale, which looks ahead to some of the very good ones to come. Somogyi's treatment is sure-handed but a little subdued, which is also the case with the *Philosopher* (to give the E-flat the name by which it is distinguished from others in the same key). The problem of making these thinly scored Haydn symphonies sound well is intensified in the present instance by what strikes my ear as one of the lesser Vienna orchestras (it is described as the "Vienna Radio Orchestra").
Kodály: *Dances of Galánta*; Suite and arias (*Háry János*). Istvan Kertész conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, with Olga Szönyi, soprano. London CM 9417, $4.98; stereo CS 6417, $5.98.	Kertész clearly has this music in his blood, but he does more to get it into the grooves of the record in the *Dances of Galánta* than he does in the *Háry János* excerpts. Both are strong in rhythmic propulsion, but the touch of characterization and fantasy wanted in the description (musically) of the "Viennese Musical Clock" and "The Battle and Defeat of Napoleon" (in the *Háry János* excerpts) are not present here as they are in Reiner's recording with the Chicago Symphony. It is also hard to understand why the suite on Side 1 and the sung excerpts on Side 2 are separated by the *Dances* which could just as well have followed the arias. These are identified as "*Szegény vagyok*" and "*Hej két tikom.*" Mme. Szönyi clearly knows the style but, just as clearly, her sound is quavery, off pitch, and altogether a little indigestible.
Mozart: Concertone in C (K.190). Yehudi Menuhin, violin; with Alberto Lysy, violin; Derek Simpson, cello; Michael Dobson, oboe; and the Bach Festival Orchestra. Concerto No. 7 in E flat (K.268). Menuhin. Angel 36240, $4.98; stereo S-36240, $5.98.	Menuhin devotes himself with equal enthusiasm to both works, though the E-flat Concerto is, according to the best scholarship, almost certainly only partially by Mozart. He makes the most of what there is in the work (parts of the first movement and the finale), but its interests are intermittent. There is, however, nothing but virtue in the Concertone (of which there is a previous version on L'Oiseau Lyre). The style of performance (conductorless) is very well suited to the disposition of emphasis in the music, and the essentially chamber-music spirit in which it is written by the seventeen-year-old composer. Menuhin himself provides all the leadership required to hold the two performances together.
Rachmaninoff: Concertos Nos. 1 and 4. Leonard Pennario, piano, with the Royal Philharmonic, conducted by André Previn. RCA Victor LM 2788, $4.98; stereo LSC 2788, $5.98.	Pennario and Previn are, on all audible counts, a compatible couple, but they may not convince all admirers of Rachmaninoff that they are equally at one with him. There is no lack of enthusiasm or good will in their response to his writing, but there is more than a little tendency to shrink his dynamic demands and the scale of his utterance to the smallish size of Pennario's piano sound. This is more conspicuous in the First than in the Fourth Concerto, largely because it is a more successful, wholly conceived work and the shortcomings are thus more conspicuous. The Fourth is little more than a summary of prior mannerisms. What is heard from Pennario is clean, accurate, and very facile, but rather too much on the top of the keys.
Schumann: Concerto in A minor; *Konzertstück,* Op. 92. Rudolf Serkin, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 6088, $4.98; stereo MS 6688, $5.98.	The *Konzertstück,* beautifully played by Serkin, makes a fresh and stimulating counterpart for the much-played Concerto. The benefits are apparent not only for the listener, but also for the players. That is to say, the pace mutually agreed on for the Concerto by Serkin and Ormandy is more than a shade faster than ideal—a choice based, possibly, on their desire to avoid a languishing or sentimental tempo. Serkin does it superbly well, but with a little suggestion of haste. The *Konzertstück,* on the other hand, is both relaxed and animated, a perfect collaboration among all the elements. That goes for producer Thomas Frost, who has contrived a highly satisfactory sound for this fifteen-and-a-half-minute work, as well as for the Concerto. —Irving Kolodin

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The Rediscovery of Earl Hines

BY 1928 Louis Armstrong had begun to attract musical associates equal to the task that he had outlined, that of revitalizing jazz and leading its players out of a declining New Orleans style and into what was to become its "swing" era. The most brilliant among those associates was pianist Earl Hines, and with him Armstrong recorded such small-group classics as "Muggles," "West End Blues," "Squeeze Me," and the trumpet-piano duet "Weather Bird." At the same time, Hines was recording such solo classics of his own as "Blues in Thirds" and "I Ain't Got Nobody."

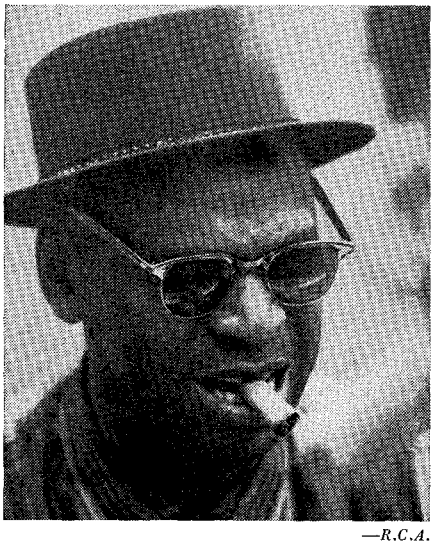
The 1950s, however, found Earl Hines leading a strident Dixieland "revival" band in San Francisco—an experience that might long ago have embittered a lesser artist. And this relatively obscure musical life was punctuated only by a couple of bookings with a trio into the kind of after-theater clubs that feature self-effacing music, as an unobtrusive accompaniment to the patrons' conversation.

It is not enough to say that Earl Hines plays today as well as he once did, for it may be that he plays better, and he certainly plays with more creative energy and devotion to his idiom than such an immediate follower as Teddy Wilson.

Hines's style has changed little since the Twenties. There are momentary harmonic refinements perhaps in his essentially straightforward approach, and he no longer uses the brittle octaves in his right hand—an effort to be heard above the din of an earlier day. His left hand still walks smoothly in tenths, and still breaks them off briefly for complements to his right or for forays into an *oom-pa* stride. His right hand is still apt to enter the dazzling double-time rhythmic mazes for which he is famous. Nowadays, if the dexterity of his fingers may fail him momentarily, he still never loses tempo or momentum. Hines also still knows how to use dynamics teasingly and tellingly. And he still knows how to paraphrase a theme and when to leave it to invent a new one. But a renewed rhythmic vitality was what Hines brought to the music, and the remarkable thing is that after forty years his idiom is still fresh and moving when played by the master. And what a pleasure it is to hear a man of his years play so energetically yet with such poised and mature conviction.

My evidence for the foregoing assertions comes, first, from a series of appearances Hines made in March 1964 at the Little Theater in New York, memorable concerts that were everything that programs of semi-improvised music ought to be, and, second, from a series of recent Hines LP releases. *The Real Earl Hines* (Focus 335) was done on stage in the final concert of the Little Theater series. It offers Hines's charming spoken introduction, inviting the audience to an informal evening of music. It contains a version of "Memories of You," a piece that obviously did not tempt Hines for its quaintness but for its strength, and for the possibility of a bit of mock melodrama. It has "I Ain't Got Nobody" in a performance still full of drive after thirty-six years in Hines's hands. It has "Tea for Two," a tired warhorse in which Hines finds unexpectedly delicate melody, good parody, and commendably timed changes of tempo. And it has an agonizing trill of several choruses on "St. Louis Blues," a moment of winning showmanship to which Hines is fully entitled. The album's only drawback is that in the processing perhaps—the tape dubbing, the equalizing, and the rest—some of the vital "presence" of the music has been lost.

'Fatha,' the New Earl Hines Trio (Columbia CL 2320; stereo CS 9120) offers Hines and the same otherwise sympathetic accompanists from the concert, Ahmed Abdul-Malik, bass, and Al Jackson, drums, but here they occasionally seem slightly out of phase with the leader. Hines comes on strong, sometimes as if he were after a hit (a re-do of "Frankie and Johnny" boogie woogie style, a bossa nova, and lots of tricky effects), and just weren't going to relax long enough to make his best music. However, there is an excellent reading of "Breezin' Along with the Breeze," a very good one of "Broadway," and there are fine choruses on "Believe it, Beloved" and "Louise."



—R.C.A.

Earl Hines—"creative energy and devotion to his idiom . . ."

Spontaneous Explorations (Contact CN 2; stereo CS 2) offers Hines's piano unaccompanied (except for an occasionally audible light foot-tapping) and done, I understand, in an afternoon's work with a minimum of retakes. It is the most consistent and in many ways the best of the albums under review. It is certainly an utterly charming recital, with Hines's sometimes luxuriant and always crucial left hand beautifully audible throughout. There are splendid readings of "Undecided," "I've Found a New Baby," "Squeeze Me," "Tosca's Dance" (a version of one of Hines's earliest pieces, actually), and a soundly showy "You Always Hurt the One You Love." There is also a Tatum-esque "Jim" and a "Fatha's Blues," an example of how much expressive introspection Hines, no down-home blues man, can find in the form.

A reissue Hines album, *The Grand Terrace Band* (RCA Victor LPV 512), is relatively disappointing. It comes from 1939-40 when Hines led a good swing band, but some of his solos might have been done by anyone with a knowledge of Earl Hines, and his hit of the time, "Boogie on the St. Louis Blues" (here offered in a previously unissued "take") is uncharacteristic and virtually anonymous. Also, the band's style had little individual character and was sometimes derivative—at this period the arrangers and some of the soloists had discovered Jimmy Lunceford and obviously were also discovering Count Basie. There is one rather alarming apparent exception: Hines's piece, "Piano Man" (recorded July 1939), is almost exactly like the Gene Krupa specialty, "Drummin' Man," credited to "Parham and Krupa" (recorded in November 1939), even to its lyric.

For a while one of Hines's most celebrated followers was the late Nat Cole, and Capitol has now begun to reissue the King Cole Trio (T 2311). One piano solo after another ("These Foolish Things," "Body and Soul," "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You") contains striking ideas, but oh how diligently one must dig beneath the deferentially glossy manner and cool, inhibited surface to hear them. Perhaps no man was ever more destined for mass popularity than Nat King Cole—even before he ever sang a note with those strings.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonata, Op. 47. Debussy: Sonata. Bartók: Rhapsody No. 1; Sonata No. 2. Joseph Szigeti, violin, with Béla Bartók, piano. Vanguard VRS 1130/1, $9.96. Ampex tape VTP 1701, $11.95 (mono only).	There is ample evidence (extant if not easily available) to show what a magnificent interpreter as well as violinist Szigeti was when the recital from which these discs were derived occurred at the Library of Congress on April 13, 1940. But there is little if any evidence of the quality of the command that Bartók had over the keyboard, not only in works of his own but also in those of Beethoven and Debussy. There are few finer ensemble performances known to me of the "Kreutzer," and the Debussy is a model of interpretive duality. Those who know of Bartók's devotion to Beethoven's structural principles are not apt to be surprised by the sympathy he shows here for his idiom, but it should not be forgotten that one of the most influential happenings in Bartók's career was a journey he made to Paris *ca.* 1908, and his discovery then of Debussy. The acetates from the archives of the Library of Congress have been lovingly processed to produce an order of response substantially better than might have been anticipated. The tape, as well as being marginally superior in sound, presents the "Kreutzer" without a break.
Canteloube: *Songs of the Auvergne* (7). Villa-Lobos: *Bachianas Brasileiras, No. 5.* Rachmaninoff: *Vocalise.* Anna Moffo, soprano, with Leopold Stokowski conducting the American Symphony. RCA Victor LM 2795, $4.98; stereo LSC 2795, $5.98.	There has probably never been a better-sounding treatment of Canteloube's scoring than Stokowski contrives, and the Moffo voice accords with it almost as another instrument in the orchestra. Desirable as these qualities are for a Rachmaninoff *Vocalise,* they are a little impersonal and remote for the simple, direct statements of "L'Antuèno," "Pastourelle," "L'Aïo dè Rotso," "Baïlèro," "Passo del Prat," "Malurous qu'o uno Fenno," and "Brezairola." The result might be attributed to Miss Moffo's sophistication, save that it was the real sophistication of Madeleine Grey that permitted her to penetrate to the essence of this material and recreate it so convincingly. Miss Moffo offers the surface beauty, but not much else . . . cool, ladylike, antiseptic. The *Bachianas Brasileiras* is also more than well controlled: it verges on self-contained. Excellent engineering in all three.
Orff, Carl; Keetman, Gunild: *Musica Poetica. 5: Aeolisch,* Tölzer Knabenchor, Kölner Kinderchor, with instrumental ensemble, Carl Orff directing. Harmonia Mundi 30654A, $6.98 (mono only).	With their modal character and use of percussion as background to the singing of a children's choir, some of these settings of texts from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and other folk sources are more than a little akin to some of the *Carmina* settings. However, they have a distinct charm of their own, as set for ensembles of glockenspiels and krummhorns; flutes, xylophone, tambourine, kettledrums, gamba, and double bass; metallophone, lute gamba, and double bass; alto sordun and gamba, etc. Orff's name predominates (fourteen of the twenty settings), but the results by Keetman are of comparable quality—indeed, his name is attached to two or three of the very best. The appeal of these lively, colorfully scored pieces would be strong for young people, but they have fascination for any music lover. The recording is excellent. The American source of supply for Harmonia Mundi is given as Apon Records, P.O. Box 131, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017 (YU 8-0450).
Poulenc: *Sextour.* Jacques Février, piano; with Jacques Castagner, flute; Robert Casier, oboe; André Boutard, clarinet; Michel Berges, horn; and Gérard Faisendier, bassoon. Trio. Messrs. Février, Casier, and Faisandier. Sonata. Michel Debost, flute, and Février. Angel 36261, $4.98; stereo S-36261, $5.98.	Each of these works has some share of the Poulenc "quality," but there is more of it in the Trio and Sonata. Perhaps because of Debost's faultless performance, the flute Sonata makes the greatest appeal to the attention, but there is much to commend the Trio also. On the other hand, repeated hearings of the Sextet (which was included on a Westminster issue last month) tend to stress those elements of individuality that became cliché in later works of Poulenc. Février is excellent throughout, as are the members of the Paris Wind Quintet with whom he is associated.
Saint-Saëns: "Un dieu plus puissant que le tien" (*Samson et Dalila*). Bizet: "Je vais danser en votre honneur" (*Carmen*). Verdi: "Giá nella notte densa" (*Otello*). "Guardie! Radamès qui venga" (*Aida*). James McCracken, tenor, with Sandra Warfield, mezzo, and the orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, conducted by Edward Downes. London 5899, $4.98; stereo OS 25899, $5.98.	Whatever else may be said of this succession of duets, nothing can detract from the crackling operatic excitement it conveys, the wholeness of impulse with which McCracken and his gifted wife devote themselves to the problems of the chosen material. It will not escape notice that she takes on the music of the soprano Desdemona in the closing scene of Act I of *Otello,* and, on the whole, does it well, though the sound she produces is a little heavy for the ideal image of Mrs. Otello. Elsewhere the voice has the beauty and substance well remembered from her brief "career" at the Metropolitan. It is at its best when the pace is moderate and the line sustained, as in the *Samson* duet, which is very well performed; at its least persuasive in the *Carmen* excerpt, in which the need to shift vocal gears, so to speak, finds her breathy in the lower register and not too adept in the agility needed. Here, too, McCracken is confronted with certain vocal situations he has not quite mastered, though the basic sound makes for a good audible image of a burly Don José. The leadership of the Covent Garden Downes is more assertive than it has been on some other discs, and the orchestra sounds good. The recording is both brilliant and judiciously balanced between the voices and with the orchestra.
Vaughan Williams: *Serenade to Music.* Van Cliburn conducting the Interlochen Youth Orchestra, with Nancy Jaynes, soprano; Waldie Anderson, tenor; John Mack Ousley, bass; Joseph Knitzer, violin, and the Interlochen Arts Festival Chorus. Taylor: *Through the Looking Glass* suite. Dr. Joseph Maddy conducting the Interlochen Youth Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2807, $4.98; stereo LSC 2807, $5.98.	Cliburn's participation in this performance cannot be seen, but it can be heard in some of the broad strokes of expressive brush work and in his response to the melodic surge of Vaughan Williams's attractive work. The recording, which is designed to benefit the scholarship fund of the National Music Camp at Interlochen, profits from the skillful violin playing of Joseph Knitzer (a faculty member) and the singing of the vocalists, all able. Taylor's thoughts on Carroll are a welcome addition to the catalogue, which has lacked a version for too long. This one is brightly performed, though the good effort of the students is no substitute for the professional one the work merits. The recorded sound is fairly good. Apparently the local acoustical surroundings did not permit the RCA technicians to reach their best standard.
Wagner: "Ein Schwert verhiess mir der Vater," "Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond," "Siegmund, heiss' ich" (*Die Walküre*); and "In fernem Land" (*Lohengrin*). Leoncavallo: "Vengo . . . O gioia della mia dimora" (*La Bohème*). Cilea: "Federico's Lament" (*L'Arlesiana*). Mascagni: "Ah ha! Ah ha! . . . tu ch'odi lo mio grido" and "O popolo di vili" (*Isabeau*). Zandonai: "Inghirlandata di violette" (*Francesca da Rimini*). Puccini: "Firenze è come un albero fiorito" (*Gianni Schicchi*). Mario del Monaco, tenor, with Lucilla Cipriano, soprano, and orchestra directed by Carlo Franci. London 5894, $4.98; stereo OS 25894, $5.98.	Del Monaco's ventures into Wagner are characterized by an abundance of vocal aptitute and a minimum of stylistic awareness, either of which would command attention. Together, there is no doubt that this will be a collector's item, for friend and foe alike. He has a surprising amount of the low range for Siegmund (without descending into the heavy baritone quality almost invariable with others) and yet a responsive top for "Wälse! "Wälse!" (two of the longest on record). However, the "aria" treatment for the Act I excerpts leads almost inevitably to a misconception of musical purpose, as well as to an abuse of portamento, slurs, and other Italianate privileges that convert good German sausage into salami. To be sure, it is conceivable that somebody—say another Arturo Toscanini—could take del Monaco in hand and produce a stunning result, but I wouldn't want to wait hopefully for it. The *Lohengrin* excerpt, which he has sung in concert, is also tortured out of shape by misguided ideas of how its notes go together, though del Monaco can sing any two of them beautifully. The Italian arias on the other side are performed with prodigal voice and equally lavish emotion. Conductor Franci discharges all of his duties commendably (the Wagner in particular) but La Cipriano, who helps out in the *Francesca da Rimini* and "Siegmund heiss' ich" bits, sounds like a relative—fluttery production, rough timbre. The recording is almost too good. —I.K.

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THE OTHER SIDE

New Blood for Glyndebourne

LONDON.

NOWADAYS, when Mozart no longer dominates the Glyndebourne repertory as once he did, it is no doubt difficult to know where to turn for works suited to this intimate theater (*Rosenkavalier*, this year's second production, really calls for a larger house). Conscious of this dilemma, the festival management last year submitted to its patrons a questionnaire designed to reveal what the public would like to see there. A witty article by Lord Harewood, published in the 1965 program book, analyzes the results. Almost 600 people completed the questionnaire, which consisted of four simple questions: 1) Which operas performed by Glyndebourne in past years would you like to see revived? 2) Which operas not so far performed would you like to see added to the repertory? 3) Which operas previously performed by Glyndebourne would you *not* come to if they were revived? 4) Are there any operas of which you never tire?

Needless to say, it was No. 2 that provoked the really bizarre answers, even allowing for a possible handful of habitués who may have sent tongue-in-cheek replies. Before we shake our heads too sadly (or split our sides, as the case may be) at the thought of Glyndebourne staging *Aida, Otello, Don Carlos, Prince Igor, Die Frau ohne Schatten, The Trojans,* or the entire *Ring des Nibelungen* (to mention only a few of the more outlandish choices), it is as well to remember that the late and lamented Mr. John Christie some years ago had the idea of putting on *Parsifal* (perhaps al fresco, for the Flower Maidens would have looked charming in *his* magic garden) and even discussed the plan with the Wagner family. As for Questions 1 and 3, related to the operas actually performed at Glyndebourne between 1934 and 1964, these evoked the kind of answers one might have expected on the whole: the operas most wanted are *Rosenkavalier, Don Giovanni, Orfeo, Le Comte Ory, Falstaff* and *Don Pasquale,* while the 'unwanted' list is headed by *Elegy for Young Lovers, The Rake's Progress,* and *Pelléas.*

It was left to question 4—operas of which you never tire—to show us the true feelings of Glyndebourne's public: here Mozart occupied five of the first ten places (with *Figaro* the outright winner, followed at some distance by *Don Giovanni*), the remaining five places being shared by Beethoven, Strauss, Verdi, Rossini, and Monteverdi. Whether such information will really help Glyndebourne to plan its future seasons must be open to doubt, for any self-respecting company should be guided by the artistic conscience of its directors and not by public opinion polls.

After last month's batch of Klemperer records in honor of the conductor's eightieth birthday, it is now the turn of Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra on EMI-Columbia, because this great ensemble will be visiting London again later in June (on its way back from triumphant appearances in Russia and in various European centers). One of the two Festival Hall concerts is scheduled to include Samuel Barber's Piano Concerto, with John Browning as soloist, and this massively romantic score is featured on one of the new discs, together with William Schuman's *A Song of Orpheus.* I was especially impressed by the latter work, in which Leonard Rose is the excellent solo cellist, and it seems astonishing that neither of these important compositions is so far known to British audiences. The other Cleveland disc contains more familiar twentieth-century fare, Walton's *Variations on a Theme by Hindemith,* and Hindemith's *Symphonic Metamorphosis of a Theme by Weber* (a well-planned coupling, this), and these superb performances make one look forward all the more eagerly to Szell & Co.'s forthcoming appearances among us.

OTHER EMI issues this month include a collection of early Brahms songs, impeccably performed by Fischer-Dieskau and Gerald Moore, a solid and lively account of Tchaikovsky's Fifth by the New Philharmonia under Georges Pretre, and a selection of highlights from the Giulini-directed set of *Le Nozze di Figaro.* Menuhin and his associates from the Bath Festival are involved in two discs devoted to British music ancient and modern. A lovely Purcell anthology consisting mainly of trio sonatas and string fantasias is hopefully labeled as Volume I. We can certainly do with more of this glorious music when it is so affectionately performed.

The other Menuhin issue contrasts two major works for string orchestra, Britten's *Variations on a Theme by Frank Bridge* and Tippett's *Fantasia Concertante on a Theme of Corelli,* with the Corelli Concerto Grosso drawn upon by Tippett—Op. 6, No. 2 in F—included for good measure at Tippett's own suggestion. The Britten, composed in a few weeks during 1937 when the Boyd Neel Orchestra wanted to take a new British work to that summer's Salzburg Festival, is a brilliant tour de force: half affectionate tribute to his own teacher, half a humorous survey of musical Europe, designed to exploit the expressive range of a small string band with stunning virtuosity. Perhaps it is just a bit *too* clever. Tippett's Fantasia (which is conducted by the composer, whereas Menuhin conducts the Britten), on the other hand, is the work of a man who never sets out merely to entertain and who certainly lacks Britten's facility and genius for clarity; out of the lovely Corelli material he spins a contrapuntal web of great complexity which I find exceedingly beautiful and moving, but which may strike some as unduly dense in texture, even turgid. The performances, incidentally, are first rate and the stereo recording is exceptionally fine.

DECCA, too, offers a Tchaikovsky symphony among its June releases, but it is the seldom-heard No. 2 in C minor, the "Little Russian," excellently recorded by the Vienna Philharmonic under Lorin Maazel. Following their recent successful series of Mozart discs, the London Wind Soloists under Jack Brymer's direction have now turned their attention to Beethoven, whose "Complete Music for Wind Band" fills one LP. This surprising compression has been made possible by excluding duets and trios at one end of the scale and, at the other end, music for military band—leaving us with the Octet, Op. 103, the Sextet, Op. 71, the Rondino for wind octet, a Quintet for three horns, oboe, and bassoon, and a little March in E flat for pairs of horns, clarinets, and bassoons. The opus numbers notwithstanding, these are all early works (the Quintet is, in fact, partly a reconstruction by one L. A. Zellner), but they are entertaining enough to warrant an occasional airing, especially when so finely played and so excellently recorded as here.

The renowned Italian pianist Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, whose career has for so long been beset by ill health, reappears in London this month after an absence of some years and, for the first time, one of his recordings comes to us from Decca (previously he had been associated mainly with EMI). Unfortunately his fine performances of sonatas by Galuppi and Scarlatti, as well as a marvellously controlled yet somewhat impersonal account of Beethoven's Op. 111, were not in fact recorded by Decca but are credited to "BDM"—which no doubt accounts for the wooden and decidedly sub-Decca quality of the sound.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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How to Hook Up Hi-Fi

MANY OF the music-lovers best fitted by temperament to appreciate high fidelity's esthetic advantages are temperamentally least fitted to face the apparent complexity of installing a component system, with its myriad wires and instruction books. This month's column is intended as their guide.

Just as all roads lead to Rome, all wires lead to the *preamplifier*, which incorporates the system's volume and tone controls and a switch that determines whether tuner, tape, or phono will be heard at any given moment. While the number of connections on the back may appear confusing, they are all clearly marked, and not all of them will be used in most systems.

The *amplifier* is the unit with screw terminals on the back for connection to the speakers—usually marked "C, 4, 8, 16." The amplifier may be incorporated into a single unit with the preamp, in which case it is called an *integrated amplifier* or *control amplifier*. If the amplifier and preamplifier are separate, the amplifier's power cord should be plugged into one of the "switched" power sockets on the preamplifier's rear panel; the amplifier will then be switched on and off automatically when the preamp is. Audio cables should also be run from the amplifier's input sockets to the "amp" or "output" jacks on the preamplifier.

Stereo equipment has two *channels*, which are always marked—but not always marked "left" and "right." The left channel—usually the upper one when jacks or inputs are vertically aligned—may also be labeled "A," "Channel 1" or "L," and the right may be labeled "B," "2," or "R."

The *tuner*, the "radio" section of the system, is connected to the preamplifier in very much the same way as the amplifier, by audio cables to the "tuner" inputs—sometimes labeled "FM," "radio," "multiplex," etc.—and with its power cord plugged into another of the preamp's switched power sockets, if the preamp has one to spare. The tuner may be incorporated with the amplifier and preamplifier into a *receiver*, in which case these connections are all made automatically.

Most *antennas* terminate in a flat cable of the type used for television antennas, and the tuner's rear panel carries a strip of two or three screw terminals to accommodate this cable. If three terminals are provided, the central one should not be used with this type of antenna. If your antenna cable is the round, shielded type, with a single conductor within a metallic sheath, check with your dealer for installment instructions.

The *record player*, whether a single-play turntable or a changer, should be connected to the "mag" or "phono" input of the preamplifier. If there are two "mag" inputs, labeled "high" and "low," try both, and use whichever one gives you adequate listening volume when the volume control is turned halfway or three-quarters of the way up. The record player's power cord should never be plugged into the preamplifier's switched power sockets; idler wheels within the player may be damaged if power is shut off without their being disengaged, and rumble will result. If the preamplifier has unswitched power sockets, these may be used, or the turntable can be plugged into any wall socket.

ALL of these connections, except the FM antenna, have been simple plug-ins. *Speakers* are only a bit more complicated. Most speakers will sound their best when their impedance is matched to the proper output tap of the amplifier. If the speaker's nameplate or instruction sheet identifies it as having an 8-ohm impedance, one speaker terminal should be wired to the amplifier output terminal designated by the number "8," if the speaker is 16 ohms, to the terminal numbered "16," and so on. The other speaker terminal should go to the "common" or "ground" terminal of the amplifier's speaker output terminal strip. Common lamp cord, available at any hardware store, can be used for these connections.

It does not matter which speaker terminal is connected to the amplifier's numbered connection. But it is important that both speakers of a stereo system be wired the same way, or serious bass losses will occur. Close examination of lamp cord will reveal a mold-mark, or "bead" running the length of the wire, on one side only. This can be used to identify the wires.

These are the basics of setting up a component audio system. Your dealer should be happy to answer any specific questions you may have about your components. And the answers to most of these questions can be found, with a little digging, in the small mound of instruction books that came with your components.

—IVAN B. BERGER.

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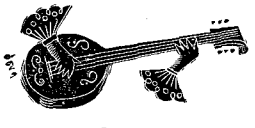
Strauss Family

Continued from page 54

quence is the omission of the entire introduction from the performance of *Wein, Weib und Gesang.*

Although originally written for male chorus (and once offered in that version under Karl Etti's direction on Epic, together with choral versions of other waltzes and polkas), the orchestral version of *Wein, Weib und Gesang* is probably the most truly "symphonic" of all Strauss waltzes. It has the longest introduction of any of them (almost the same length as the dance portion itself), but that introduction is seldom heard, on records or off. Its omission here, however, is the more surprising because of the very completeness of the album's other contents, and the performance of the waltz proper happens to be one of the least attractive on the six sides.

(For the record, there are two excellent recordings of *Wein, Weib und Gesang* complete with introduction in circulation now. Armando Aliberti includes it in his program of waltzes by Strauss, Waldteufel, *et al.* on Westminster [WST-1403, stereo; XWN-18691, mono], and Jascha Horenstein leads a still stronger performance as part of his otherwise unexceptional two-record set of Straussiana issued by the RCA Victor Record Club [CSC-602, stereo; CMC-602, mono]. Both gentlemen conduct the Vienna State Opera orchestra, Aliberti contributing a really stunning version of Lehár's *Gold and Silver.*)



The remaining dozen items in the set are all well done, and, though they are all familiar, they fall into the category of titles not too likely to be duplicated. They include the *Schatz-Walzer* and *Einzugsmarsch* from *Der Zigeunerbaron,* the waltzes *Wiener Bonbons* (Opus 307), *Accelerationen* (Opus 234), and *Morgenblätter* (Opus 279), the Intermezzo from *Tausend und Eine Nacht,* the *Tritsch-Tratsch* polka, and the non-choral version of the "polka française" *Sängerlust* (Opus 328). In addition to these titles, all by Johann, there are Josef's waltz *Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust* (Opus 263) and his polkas *Frauenherz* (Opus 166), *Plappermäulchen* (Opus 245), and *Jockey* (Opus 278.) Vox has said nothing sa far about when Volume II will be released, what will be in it, or how many volumes will be in the Strauss series, but it is dizzying to conjecture about the neglected little masterpieces that might be restored to phonographic currency.

First of all, there is the waltz *O schöner Mai* (Opus 375, on themes from *Prinz Methusalem*), which may have been the direct inspiration for Ravel's *La Valse.* Its only recording on microgroove was the one conducted by Enrico Valsavetti on a long-gone Que disc which included some rarities by Johann I (QLP-105).

Then there is the infectious *Neu Wien* (Opus 342), a waltz that appears briefly in the Désormière-concocted ballet *Le Beau Danube* but has not been available in full since the deletion of the Camden transfer of the old Fiedler 78s. The same Camden (CAL-126) also included the delicious *Lagunenwalzer* (Opus 411, on themes from *Eine Nacht in Venedig*), which would be a most welcome returnee.

The *Gunstwerber Walzer* (Opus 4), once recorded by Franz Salmhofer, is an utterly charming piece, and more inventive than its early opus number might suggest. The *Motoren* (Opus 265) and *Ballg'schichten* (Opus 150) waltzes, missing from the catalogues since the retirement of the old Howard Barlow recordings on Entré (RL-3020), are of more than passing interest, and the saucy *Festival Quadrille nach englischen Motiven* (Opus 341), also recorded by Barlow, would be worth the price of any disc on which it might appear.

There are several posthumously published waltzes that have never been recorded, and dozens upon dozens of others with intriguing titles calling for investigation: the *Rhadamatusklänge-Walzer* (Opus 94), *The Herald Waltz* (published in the New York *Herald* in 1894), *Fünf Paragraphen aus dem Walzer-Kodex* (Opus 105, one of several dedicated to Vienna's law students), *Panacea-Klänge* (Opus 161, dedicated to the medical students), *und so weiter.* Countless Strauss-inebriates will be waiting watchfully to see how many of these turn up in Volumes II, III, VI, or XI of the Vox series.

In the meantime, Vanguard has released, in its low-priced "Everyman Classics" series, an interesting and useful collection of a half-dozen seldom-heard waltzes by as many composers, all played by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Anton Paulik (SRV-150SD, stereo, or SRV-150, mono, $1.98).

Johann Strauss's *Seid umschlungen, Millionen!,* which concludes the Vox album, is that composer's only work on the Vanguard disc, and it is a duplication easily borne by the really devoted waltz addict who will be delighted to discover, in addition to Josef's *Dynamiden* (Opus 173) and Waldteufel's *Trés Jolie* (Opus 159), Lanner's *Hofballtänze* (Opus 161), and the really obscure *Faschingskinder Walzer* of Ziehrer and *Kavalier Walzer* of Nedbal. Performances are spirited, if not overly subtle, and the recording is excellent.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Klemperer Discography

CONGRATULATIONS on the splendid Klemperer discography, one of the most accurate and complete I have ever seen in print [*SR*, May 29]. Its anonymous author deserves a very prominent credit line.

Again, thanks for an excellent piece of work.

JEROME F. WEBER.

Oneida, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "anonymous" compiler was Richard Freed.*

Dalis as Kundry

THE HISTORY-MAKING recording of the complete Bayreuth *Parsifal* merits the splendid full-page review given it in your March 27 issue.

However, as one who has heard the stupendous work thirty times, including Toscanini's last at Bayreuth, I must disagree strongly with your comments on the performance of Irene Dalis. . . .

Dalis is not "acceptable." She is exceptional—as a true interpreter of character through magnificent vocal musicianship.

THEODORE ADAM.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If Dalis is not "acceptable" as Kundry, she would only be unacceptable —which was not the reviewer's judgment.*

DGG Tapes

CONGRATULATIONS on your review of the Deutsche Grammophon and Archive tapes. A regular review of new tapes (although there are mighty few) would be a welcome addition.

S. LEONARD ROSENTHAL.

Philadelphia

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See page 57 ("'Double Play' Tchaikovsky").*

Pianists for the U.N.

WE ARE WONDERING whether you are able to give us any further information on a record advertised in the January issue of *Gramophone*, made for the United Nations Refugee Fund This was a piano recording made by six famous pianists, including Backhaus, Kempf, etc., and had the number UN M2.

We have been waiting to see an announcement of this issue here in the United States as to where we could buy it, but to date we have seen nothing. Any information you can give us will be appreciated.

W. E. CRAIG.

Oak Park, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The disc has just become available on the Everest label, No. 6128-2, in a two-disc set that includes a group of selections from its own catalogue as a "donation." It will be reviewed next month.*

Missing Flagstad

WITH THE REISSUE of the *Parsifal* duet and others (might I add, at last), it came to my mind that a certain recording might be unknown or obscure, so I give you the following information which I discovered while reading Mme. Flagstad's autobiography, *The Flagstad Manuscript*.

During her seasons at the Met, Kirsten Flagstad made complete recordings of the following for His Master's Voice: *Tristan, Die Walküre, Götterdämmerung,* and *Der Fliegende Holländer*.

BRUCE CRISSINGER.

Massillon, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The comment on reader Crissinger's "discovery" is contained in the same source as the information itself. On page 228 it is clearly stated that these were "actual performances" which were never released because "none of us would O.K. them, that is, in their entirety. I myself approved of fragments from 'Der Fliegende Holländer,' but Fritz Reiner objected. . . ." Thus, these were derived from performances at Covent Garden, and not "complete recordings" made during her "seasons at the Met."*

Dallas's First Oboe

THE NAME OF the first oboe player of the Dallas Symphony is Donald Baker. This is his first season with a professional orchestra, since he recently left Oberlin College, where we were oboe students together. I was glad to see your mention of him [*SR*, Mar. 20].

MARSHA HELLER.

New York, N.Y.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9. Hephaestus (Vulcan). 6. Selene (Luna). 5. Eros (Cupid). 7. Zeus (Jove). 4. Aphrodite (Venus). 8. Dionysus (Bacchus). 3. Ares (Mars). 1. Demeter (Ceres). 10. Hermes (Mercury). 2. Hestia (Vesta).

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Time for Dance

Continued from page 55

ballet had a freshness of spirit and a charm that should make it a welcome addition to the repertory.

Equally congenial to the company was Macdonald's *Aimez-vous Bach?*, which has been done by other groups. The classical sections were beautifully led by Miss Orlando and Verner Klavsen; the jazz interlude was vivaciously sparked by Kerstin Lidström.

But the company's current pride and joy is its new *Swan Lake*, staged here last autumn by Soviet choreographer Natalie Comus, and given three performances at the festival (at least one too many). It is hardly a great production, but it is neatly constructed and unmannered, with a typical Russian emphasis on clarity of dramatic line. Miss Orlando's lovely, legato style is perfect for the second act, where she danced the lyrical duet with beauty and warmth. In the contrasting third act, she was technically secure but lacking in the sharpness of attack that could have made her virtuosity appear as brilliant as it really was.

Her Giselle, however, was exquisite throughout. She is a true romantic-style ballerina—all lightness, fluidity, and tenderness. Caj Selling gave her excellent dramatic support here, as he did in *Swan Lake*, but technically he is not adequate to either of these roles. Antony Tudor staged this *Giselle*, and it is one of the best to be seen anywhere these days.

The season has been a success with the public, playing—as one of the theater people noted—to "outsold" houses. This was not fully anticipated, for planning had begun late. But Macdonald had been industriously building the audience for ballet throughout the year. And Anna Greta Ståhle, dance critic of Stockholm's largest newspaper, *Dagens Nyheter*, had been promoting the idea with persuasive

conviction. The response has been so gratifying that preparations for next year's festival are already underway. The time is indeed ripe for dance developments in Sweden. The festival is not an isolated phenomenon.

Among other current manifestations is the preparation of a series of half-hour educational television programs on ballet. The idea was initiated by Norwegian theater historian Erik Pierstorff, and the project is being co-sponsored by Norwegian and Swedish television—both state-owned. A preview of the program devoted to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries showed the results of meticulous research and imaginative production. For this film, Mary Skeaping has devised charming demonstrations of period dances performed on the stage of the eighteenth-century theater at Drottningholm. Mr. Pierstorff's Norwegian commentary will be translated into Swedish. An English version should also be made, for the series merits presentation outside of Scandinavia.

—Selma Jeanne Cohen.

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Chess Corner—No. 96

THE perennial problem in over-the-board play is the relative value of the intangibles *vs.* the tangibles—material *vs.* time, space, and mobility. Because nearly every position is specifically different, general principles may be applied only as a guide, not as gospel.

The most striking examples of the clash of judgment are in sacrificial motifs, involving the loss of a piece, or even of only a pawn or two. Materialist or strategist, the grand master is prepared to uphold either course.

The following Nimzo-Indian Defense, played by two young and promising European stars, Florin Gheorghiu of Rumania and Leonid Stein of the Soviet Union, is a complex illustration of the dangers of a material bent, particularly before castling.

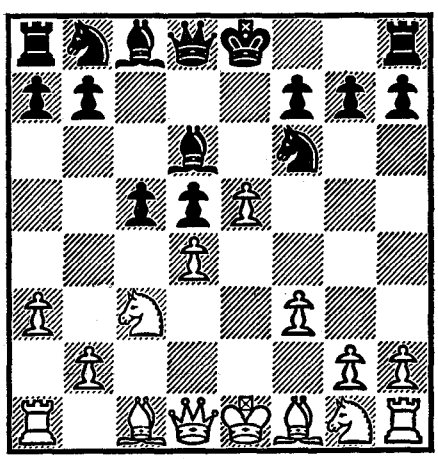
The game is from the latest Mar Del Plata tournament.

Playing to win a piece by a pawn fork at the expense of time, White is sharply rebuffed. He is then willing to settle for a mere pawn, but it is too late. He has overextended his position, which remains punctured on his diagonal KN1-QR7.

With 7 . . . KPxP, Black invites White's following maneuver, which seems to gain a piece. And fourteen moves later, Black shows White the folly of his ways.

NIMZO-INDIAN DEFENSE

Gheorgiu White		Stein Black	
1 P-Q4	N-KB3	5 P-QR3	B-Q3
2 P-QB4	P-K3	6 P-K4	P-B4
3 N-QB3	B-N5	7 BPxP	KPxP
4 P-B3	P-Q4	8 P-K5	. . . . .



8	PxP	16 N-K2	B-R3
9 QxP	Q-K2	17 B-K3	R-Q4
10 B-KB4	N-B3	18 P-B4	R/1-Q1
11 B-QN5	O-O	19 BxB	QxB
12 BxN	B-QB4!	20 P-QN4	Q-N3
13 NxP	NxN	21 R-KB1	R-Q7
14 QxN	R-Q1	Resigns	
15 Q-K4	PxB		

—Al Horowitz.

Publishing Scene

Continued from page 28

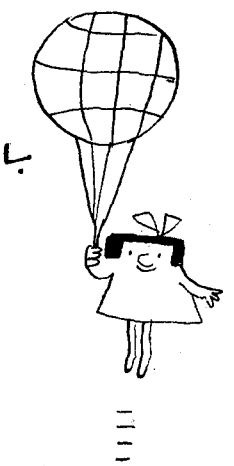
developing countries to England for a year's course in the production and writing of textbooks at the University of London, followed by a period of practical experience in publishers' offices.

Yet obstacles remain. Most of the world's literature is controlled by the established countries; under present conditions, to translate and pay for licensing and royalty fees is in most cases beyond the capacity of the indigenous publisher. Brown asked—it was a sentiment widely shared by Congress delegates—that such fees be eliminated, or made nominal. Import duties should be removed, as well as other restrictions on "free flow." A book printed in English abroad, for instance, or written by a resident alien, enjoys no copyright protection in the United States if it is imported, or sold, in quantities of more than 1,500 copies. A 15 per cent *ad valorem* duty is imposed on *all* books imported into the country for resale. This protectionist device, advocated by the printing industry, while it has helped give us a favorable balance of trade, has also bequeathed us an unfavorable reputation among foreign publishers.

THIS is the negative side of the coin. On the positive side we should not ignore our contribution to making readers out of the emerging peoples of the world. Of the 15 million books distributed overseas last year through government agencies, 9,600,000 were published abroad, in thirty-seven languages. The International Media Guaranty Program will spend $4 million this year to publish books in, among other countries, Korea, Vietnam, Pakistan, Guinea, and Afghanistan. A major expansion in the Alliance for Progress book program calls for two new regional translation centers in Rio de Janeiro and Argentina. The Agency for International Development has set up a Central Book Fund to train people in publishing skills for foreign countries and, perhaps most important, it is establishing a "global royalty fund" to defray dollar costs of translation rights, abridgements, and adaptations of American books so that selling prices can be kept at a minimum.

Franklin Books Program is well known; less publicized is the work of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, which operates largely behind the scenes in Africa by encouraging a democratic counter-statement to Communism. To this end, the Congress holds conferences of writers and supports the Mbari publishing house in Ibadan. A new entry in the field is BOOKS USA, a non-profit, private organization that sends intellectual "CARE" packages containing ten paperback books on American history, literature, science, etc., to Latin America, Africa, and the Orient. The kits are distributed through the USIA and the Peace Corps to schools, libraries, and individuals. Working out of Box 1960, Washington, D.C., BOOKS USA solicits donations of $4 from private individuals to cover the cost of each packet; while 7,000 such donations were received during its first year, the organization received requests for 100,000 packages.

UNESCO was represented at the IPA Congress by a specially drafted report circulated to those present. To some extent UNESCO's effort in the field supplements that of the national governments: fellowships are provided for the training of publishers; information is furnished on low-cost printing and machinery; in Southeast Asia UNESCO has been instrumental in producing some 400 books in the languages of the region. But it has also blazed some new trails in what are literally the jungle areas of the world. Through prizes to local authors it encourages indigenous creative writing. Literary workshops and seminars are now part of its adult education program; two centers in Africa (Ghana and Cameroon) publish reading materials for newly literate adults. UNESCO notes that the demand for books and periodicals in Africa and Asia is expected to triple by 1975. Since there is slight chance that the "emergent" publisher will be able to fill this need by himself, the responsibility of the established nations is not about to disappear.



Nor the opportunity. To stand on a threshold is, among other things, to stand on a cliché; the twelve countries that today supply three-quarters of the world's books rest on just such an obvious perch. Yet their stance is unique, even paradoxical. The aim is to *reduce* the percentage that is now so greatly in their favor. Only then will publishing become genuinely international and literacy truly universal.

—David Dempsey.

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(Continued on page 70)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 69)

ESCAPIST'S ISLAND. Completely informal. Good table. Private baths. Interesting people. Scenery. Do nothing or bird, fish, sun, swim, snorkel, sail. Thousands of flamingos, reef fishes and breezes. Low weekly rates, air fares. Flamingo Beach Club, Bonaire 1, Netherlands Antilles.

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SERENE, SECLUDED, HILLTOP-HIGH, one of Vermont's finest inns: stately spruce, rolling meadows, distant views from a breezy terrace; ideal for sitting and sunning, reading and writing. Marlboro Music, golf, tennis, swimming and riding nearby. Spacious lounges and rooms; imaginative cuisine; friendly, informal atmosphere. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. Jack and Marylou Taylor.

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VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1629

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Scene of the most famous siege of the Boer War (Oct. 1899-March 1, 1900).	76 42 184 122 6 83 104 26 2
B. Retail dealer in haberdashery, etc.	8 136 179 169 115 15 18 143 129
C. Small island off the tip of Brittany, scene of two naval battles, late 18th cent., bet. England and France.	118 108 68 172 186 89
D. Want of foresight or thrift.	28 81 100 121 78 142 13 111 177 61 158 91
E. The twelve loaves used in ancient Jewish sanctuaries in a ritual exhibition.	137 27 69 55 131 20 82 170 165
F. A feeling of weariness or dissatisfaction.	60 29 48 39 95
G. Small succulent lump of a sea food popular in salad, hors d'oeuvres, etc. (2 wds. in common use in pl., but not listed in WNI).	105 180 5 84 133 23 153 65 96
H. River bends such that only a neck of land is left between two parts of the stream.	124 178 62 168 4 176
I. Seaport in Angola, one of the best equipped in W. Africa.	99 134 38 150 123 174
J. Specifying the shoe into which Alice's aged, aged man tried to squeeze his right-hand foot (comp.)	31 126 151 58 194 72 14 94
K. One of the Aran Islands at the entrance to Galway Bay.	159 75 47 127 90 37 188 54

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Birthplace of Anne Hathaway.	66 51 182 138 195 152 175 148
M. Important city of Georgia, rhyming with a popular breakfast item.	41 52 128 63 7
N. Anything offensive to look at.	166 145 85 50 74 183 71
O. A still white wine lacking sweetness (2 wds.)	155 135 44 167 109 196 56 144 173
P. Inspire with extravagant passion.	130 24 17 107 59 192 110 49 93
Q. What those vigilant in our behalf are said to keep out (3 wds.)	132 77 34 88 35 86 101 11
R. Terminal of Siberian railway which has become a great naval and aviation base.	97 103 21 125 185 156 25 45 120 64 33
S. Showing signs of terror, horror, amazement.	10 30 139 181 119 163
T. Principal city of Hawaii in the time of the early missionaries and settlers.	22 16 113 191 32 36 12
U. The day Solomon Grundy got married.	67 114 190 43 3 161 146 98 189
V. Wrongful dispossession.	87 164 1 112 141 70
W. A jaw, esp. a beak, operating up and down or right and left.	92 147 154 117 162 102 149 80
X. Positive; aggressive.	46 73 160 19 197 9 57 53 140
Y. Member of a work shift from dark to light (2 wds.)	79 157 193 106 40 171 187 116

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 V	2 A	3 U		4 H	5 G	6 A		7 M	8 B	9 X		10 S		11 Q	12 T	13 D			
14 J	15 B		16 T	17 P	18 B	19 X	20 E		21 R	22 T	23 G		24 P	25 R	26 A	27 E			
28 D	29 F	30 S		31 J	32 T	33 R	34 Q		35 Q	36 T	37 K		38 I	39 F	40 Y				
41 M	42 A	43 U	44 O		45 R	46 X	47 K	48 F	49 P	50 N		51 L	52 M	53 X	54 K				
55 E	56 O	57 X	58 J	59 P	60 F	61 D		62 H	63 M	64 R	65 G	66 L		67 U	68 C	69 E			
70 V	71 N	72 J	73 X		74 N	75 K	76 A	77 Q		78 D	79 Y	80 W		81 D	82 E	83 A			
84 G	85 N	86 Q		87 V	88 Q		89 C	90 K	91 D		92 W	93 P	94 J	95 F	96 G	97 R			
98 U	99 I		100 D	101 Q	102 W	103 R	104 A	105 G		106 Y	107 P	108 C		109 O	110 P	111 D			
	112 V	113 T	114 U		115 B	116 Y	117 W	118 C	119 S	120 R	121 D	122 A		123 I	124 H				
125 R	126 J	127 K	128 M	129 B	130 P	131 E	132 Q		133 G	134 I	135 O		136 B	137 E		138 L			
139 S	140 X		141 V	142 D	143 B	144 O	145 N	146 U	147 W	148 L		149 W	150 I	151 J	152 L				
153 G	154 W	155 O		156 R	157 Y	158 D	159 K	160 X	161 U	162 W	163 S	164 V	165 E	166 N	167 O				
168 H	169 B		170 E		171 Y	172 C	173 O	174 I	175 L	176 H		177 D	178 H	179 B	180 G	181 S			
182 L	183 N	184 A	185 R	186 C	187 Y	188 K	189 U		190 U	191 T	192 P	193 Y	194 J	195 L	196 O	197 X			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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